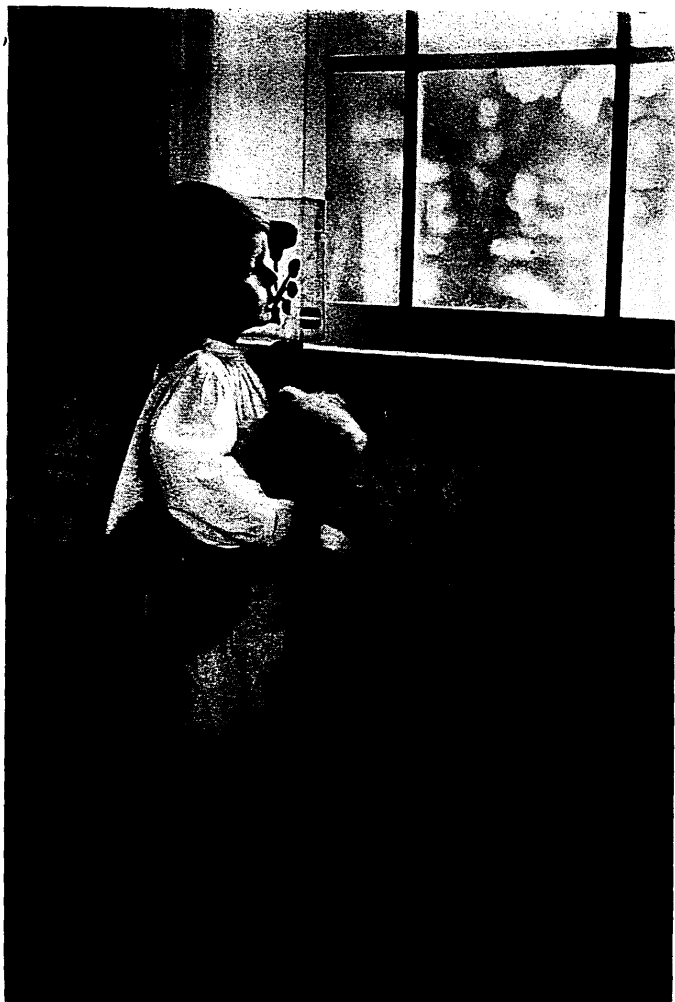


Div.

The University of Chicago
Libraries







"IT'S A NICE DAY"

SUNDAY STORY HOUR

THE
BY

LAURA ELLA CRAGIN

AUTHOR OF "KINDERGARTEN STORIES FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
AND HOME," "KINDERGARTEN BIBLE STORIES,"
"OLD TESTAMENT STORIES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN W. COOKE



HODDER & STOUGHTON

NEW YORK

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY



"IT'S A NICE DAY"

SUNDAY STORY HOUR

THE
REVISED
BY

LAURA ELLA CRAGIN

AUTHOR OF "KINDERGARTEN STORIES FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
AND HOME," "KINDERGARTEN BIBLE STORIES,"
"OLD TESTAMENT STORIES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN W. COOKE



HODDER & STOUGHTON

NEW YORK

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

THE
TO
8319A9811 00A0110

BV 4571

.C9

COPYRIGHT, 1917,
BY GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

654157

TO MY DEAR FRIEND,
MEME BROCKWAY,
WHO IS DEVOTING HER LIFE TO WORK FOR LITTLE CHILDREN,
THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

FOREWORD

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour." *

It is for this "hour," on Sunday, when the children come with

"A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall," *

to take the mother or father by storm that these stories are written.

There are some which tell of our heavenly Father's care and protection and of the loving care of Jesus, others which teach lessons of obedience, helpfulness and kindness, and still others for Easter, Thanksgiving and Christmas.

Many of them were written for the Beginner's leaflets, issued by the Presbyterian Boards, and

* From "The Children's Hour," by Longfellow.

are now published by the kind permission of the editors.

If the little children are helped to trust our heavenly Father more confidently, if as they hear of Jesus' loving service they desire to be more kind and helpful to others, and if the pictures of life in other homes lead them to appreciate their own fathers and mothers more fully, my aim in writing these stories will be realised.

L. E. C.

CONTENTS

OUR HEAVENLY FATHER'S CARE

	PAGE
I. THE LITTLE BOY WHO DIDN'T WANT TO GO TO BED	17
II. OUR HEAVENLY FATHER'S CARE	21
III. RUTH'S RED COAT	25
IV. HOW SNOW-WHITE CARED FOR HER KITTENS	31
V. THE CHICKADEES	34

OUR HEAVENLY FATHER'S PROTECTION

VI. TEDDY AND HIS KITTENS	39
VII. MAX	42
VIII. THE DANGEROUS BOAT RIDE	47
IX. THE STORY OF ISHMAEL	51
X. PAUL PROTECTED IN THE STORM . . .	55
XI. THE ANGEL HELPING PETER	59

THE LOVING CARE OF JESUS

XII. JESUS HELPING A FATHER	63
XIII. JESUS AND A BLIND MAN	67
XIV. JESUS HEALING A SICK BOY	71
XV. JESUS AND THE CHILDREN	75

PRAYER

	PAGE
XVI. LEARNING TO PRAY	79

THE SABBATH

XVII. SUNDAY, THE CHILDREN'S BEST DAY . .	86
XVIII. SUNDAY SUNBEAMS	90

HELPFULNESS

XIX. THE HELPERS	96
XX. LITTLE BUILDERS	101
XXI. HOW THE ANTS FILLED THEIR STOREHOUSES	106
XXII. A LITTLE ESKIMO SISTER	110
XXIII. HOW EDNA HELPED THE CHILDREN . .	115
XXIV. THE POLICEMAN, THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND	120
XXV. FOUR FRIENDS HELPING A SICK MAN .	124
XXVI. A LITTLE BOY HELPING JESUS . . .	129

KINDNESS

XXVII. PETER AND JOHN AND THE LAME MAN .	136
XXVIII. LITTLE LUCY'S NARROW ESCAPE . . .	140

OBEDIENCE

XXIX. HOW LITTLE ELSIE LEARNED TO OBEY .	144
XXX. THE BABY ROBINS	149

EASTER

XXXI. THE BABY ACORN	155
XXXII. A SPRING WALK	158
XXXIII. THE EASTER LILIES	165

CONTENTS

xi

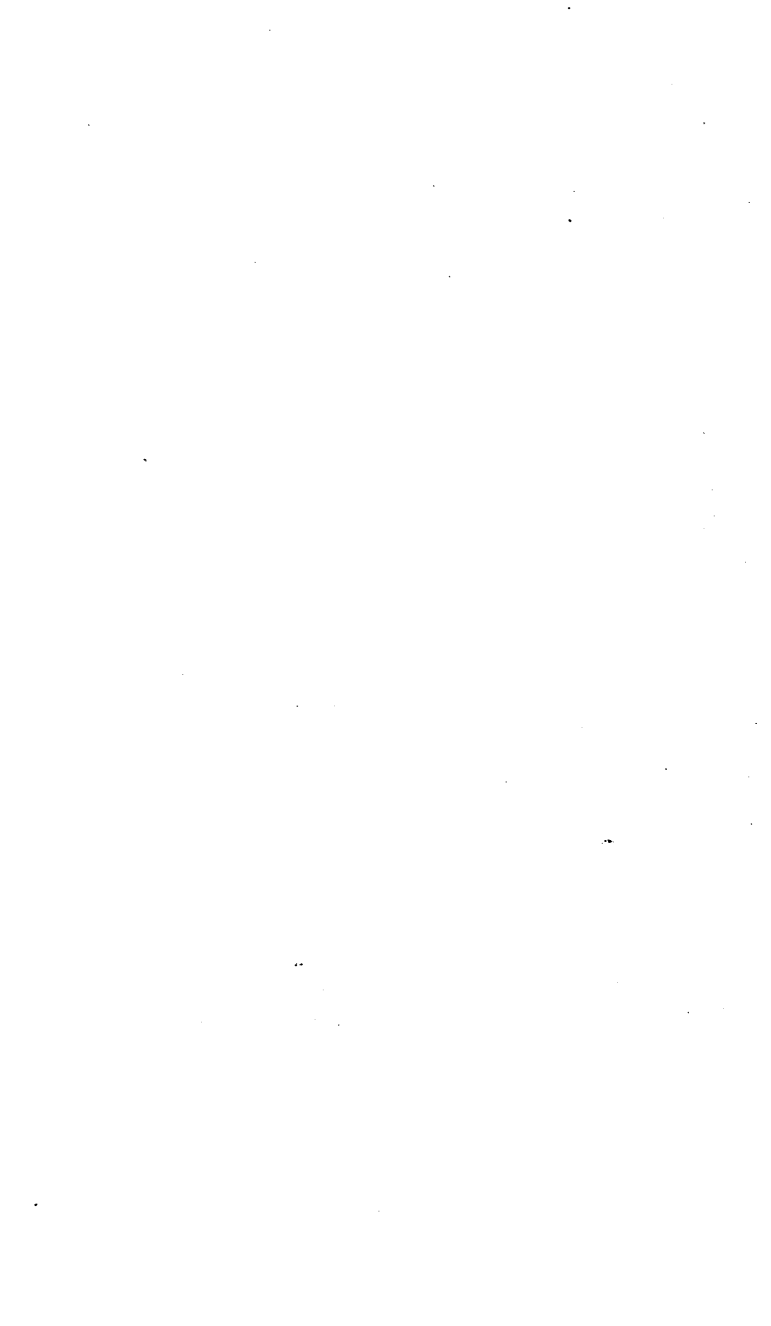
THANKSGIVING

PAGE

XXXIV. HUGH'S AND MARJORIE'S THANKSGIVING .	170
XXXV. SALLIE'S COOKIES	175
XXXVI. A LITTLE BOY'S DREAM	180
XXXVII. THE WIDOW'S MITE	184

CHRISTMAS

XXXVIII. MARY AND THE BABY JESUS	189
XXXIX. A CHRISTMAS VISIT	194
XL. CHRISTMAS ALL THE YEAR	201



ILLUSTRATIONS

"IT'S A NICE DAY"	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE SECRET	PAGE 28
TEDDY'S KITTENS	40
MOTHER GIVING LITTLE LUCY HER SUPPER	52
"FATHER, PLEASE TELL US A STORY"	64
THE EVENING PRAYER	80
THE TEA PARTY	102
WATCHING FOR DADDY	122
"COME AND PLAY WITH US, LUCY"	142
THE EASTER LILY	168
FEEDING TEDDY	182
CHRISTMAS JOYS	198



SUNDAY STORY HOUR

SUNDAY STORY HOUR

I

THE LITTLE BOY WHO DIDN'T WANT TO GO TO BED

ONCE there was a little boy who never wanted to go to bed. Every night, when his mother said, "Come, Freddie, it is time for you to put away your toys now and go to bed," he would say, "O mother, must I go now? It is so early, and I want to play a little longer."

Then when his mother replied that he must go, he would fret and even cry sometimes as he was taken to bed.

One night his mother said to him: "Freddie, you are never ready to go to bed, so to-night I am going to let you sit up as late as you choose. You may stay awake all night if you like."

"O mother, may I *really?*" asked Freddie. "What fun that will be! I'll stay up the whole night long and play and play and play."

He went on building with his blocks, but after a time he didn't want to play with them any more, so he took his big Teddy bear and one

of his picture books, and curled up in a big chair in the library near the fireplace.

Suddenly, out from the very fire itself, there came the strangest little man. His little suit and tiny cap were just the colour of the flames, and he carried a long, sharp-pointed stick in his hand. "Ho, there, Freddie!" he called. "Wake up! You are going to stay up all night, you know."

"Why, I wasn't asleep," said Freddie. "I was just looking at the pictures in my book."

"Mind you do that, and don't go to sleep," said the little man.

Freddie turned a page or two and then his eyes began to close. "Wake up!" cried the little man. "No sleep for you to-night."

Again Freddie turned over a page, but he just couldn't keep his eyes open. "Here! here!" cried the little man. "None of that: I'll see that you keep awake."

"Oh, I don't want to stay up any longer. I want to go to bed," said Freddie.

"Not to-night," the little man replied. "You are to stay awake all night and I'll see that you do it," and he stuck his sharp-pointed stick into Freddie's arm.

"Oh, you hurt me!" cried Freddie. "Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"Why, my darling little boy, what is the matter?" said a sweet voice.

Freddie opened his eyes and found his moth-

er's arms about him. "O mother, the little fire man said I couldn't go to sleep, but I don't want to stay up all night. I want to go to bed."

"Well, you shall, dear little son," said his mother. "You have been dreaming, I think."

Then father came and carried the sleepy little boy upstairs. After mother had undressed him he knelt and said his evening prayer:

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless thy little lamb to-night:
Through the darkness be thou near me;
Keep me safe till morning light."

As his mother tucked him in bed, he sleepily said, "This is so much nicer than staying up all night."

The next morning, when Freddie waked up, he took his big Teddy bear in his arms and went to look out of the window. "It's a nice day, mother," he cried, as he ran into her room.

"Yes, dear little son," she replied, as she began to dress him, "our heavenly Father has given us another beautiful day."

After breakfast mother took her little boy in her arms and as she rocked him, she told him of the time, long, long ago, when God made the world.

"At first it was all dark," she said, "but our heavenly Father knew that it wouldn't be pleasant for people to stay in the dark all the time, so he made the sun to give light. We love the

bright sunshine, my little boy, do we not, and was not our heavenly Father good to send it to us?"

"Yes, mother," answered Freddie, "he was good. I like the sunshine."

"But," said his mother, "God knew that when grown people had worked and little children had played all day they would need to rest. He knew that it would be hard to sleep when the sun was shining, so he planned the darkness for the night."

"This is one of our heavenly Father's gifts just as is the day. Both day and night are alike to him, and he takes care of us in the darkness just as he does in the light. Is it not pleasant to have the darkness, in which we can sleep so restfully? It would be very hard to stay awake all the time, would it not?"

"Yes, indeed, mother," replied Freddie, "and I'm glad I only dreamed about the little man in the fire who wouldn't let me sleep."

"Would you like to learn a little prayer to say to our heavenly Father?" asked mother. "It is, 'The day is thine, the night also is thine.'"

When Freddie had said this little prayer, he added: "Thank thee, heavenly Father, that I can go to sleep when night comes. Amen."

II

OUR HEAVENLY FATHER'S CARE

THE little house stood on the edge of the wood. All the trees were bare except the evergreens. These still had their pretty green needles. Snow was on the needles. Snow covered the brown leaves, which made a carpet under the trees. It was very cold. Mother was crying in the little house.

"O mother, dear, don't cry," said Herbert.

"Don't cy," said little sister.

Mother smiled at them through her tears. "I'll try not to cry, my little ones," she said. "But oh, I don't know what we shall do! Father went to find work and he has not come back. He has been gone such a long time. I am afraid that something has happened to him. And we shall all be hungry soon. There is only half a loaf of bread left and a little corn-meal."

"Mother, won't God take care of us?" asked Herbert.

"Yes, dear, I am sure that he will," said his mother, "and I'll not cry any more. He is our heavenly Father and I know that he loves us."

'Tis getting late, chickabiddies, and you must both go to bed."

The children ate some of the bread and then they knelt down to pray. "Heavenly Father, bless father," prayed Herbert, "and bring him back to us. Don't let mother cry. Take care of us, dear God, and give us something to eat. Amen."

"Bess faver," lisped little May, "and take care May."

"Jesus taught a prayer to the people who loved him," said mother. "Would you like to learn some of it, Herbert?"

"Yes, mother," said the little boy.

"'Give us this day our daily bread,' " said his mother.

Slowly the little boy said the words. Then he sprang up and, throwing his arms about his mother's neck, he kissed her. "Don't you cry, mother dear," he said. "I just know God will send us our bread."

Soon the children were asleep and mother sat near them sewing. The wind rose. She went to the door and looked out. Snow was blown in gusts against the house. She went back to her work. The wind blew louder and louder. The icy snow was driven against the windows. "What a wild storm this is!" thought mother.

For a while she went on with her sewing. As it grew late she put away her work and

was just going to bed when there came a knock on the door. Mother opened it and there stood father! He was all covered with snow and he looked tired and worn.

"Oh, I am glad to reach home," he said.

"I am so glad and thankful to see you, dear," said mother, as she kissed him. "How could you come through the forest in such a storm as this?"

"It was not snowing when I left the city," he answered, "and I was eager to get home. I knew that you must be needing food by this time."

"Oh, I am sure that God helped you to reach us," said mother, "for our food is almost gone."

"I looked and looked for work in the city," said father, "and at last I found something to do. This morning I told the man for whom I work that I wanted to go home to my family, for I feared that they needed food, and he said that I might go."

"Oh, I am glad that you came to us! But how could you find your way in this storm?"

"It was not snowing, as I told you," said father, "when I started. But after I had walked some distance through the forest the snow began to fall. Then the wind rose, but I kept on. Several times I lost my way, but at last I saw the little light in the window. I thank God that I could reach you."

"And I, too, thank him," said mother, "for keeping you safe and bringing you back to us."

The next morning when the children wakened they had such a happy surprise! "I knew God would send some one to help us, father," said Herbert, "but I didn't know it would be you."

Father had brought both food and money. Mother cooked a nice breakfast and as they were eating it Herbert said, "Our heavenly Father did send you, didn't he, father?"

"Why do you think so, little son?" asked his father.

"We asked him to take care of us and give us 'our daily bread,' and then you came, so of course he sent you," replied Herbert.

"Yes, my son," said his father, "our heavenly Father did send me, I am sure, for he takes loving care of all of us."

III

RUTH'S RED COAT

MOTHER sat sewing on Ruth's pretty red coat. In and out went the needle, fastening on the bright buttons. At last the coat was finished. "Put it on, dear, and we'll see how it looks," said mother.

"O mother, how pretty it is!" said Ruth. "And it is so nice and warm. Thank you for making it for me."

"You are welcome, dear, for what I did," replied her mother, "but there are many others to thank."

"Who are they, mother?"

"Who do you think worked hard to earn money to pay for the cloth?" asked mother.

"Father," answered Ruth.

"Yes, father earned the money and mother bought the cloth, cut out the coat and then sewed it. But where do you suppose the cloth came from?"

"From the store, mother."

"Yes, the clerk sold it to mother at the store. But who do you think made the cloth?"

"I don't know, mother."

"The weaver wove it. And from what do you think he wove it?"

"From wool, mother, and the wool came from the sheep."

"Yes, the farmer took the wool to the weaver. And who do you think gave the sheep its warm coat of wool, little girl?"

"Our heavenly Father, mother."

"Just think how many there are to thank for your coat! The sheep, the farmer, the weaver, the storekeeper, father, mother and our dear heavenly Father. There are many others, too—the farmer's helpers, the men on the train which carried the cloth to the city, the clerk in the store who sold it to mother, the delivery boy who brought it to the house, and others. Think how many people worked to give my little girl a coat!"

"O mother, I'd like to thank them every one."

"You did thank me, dear, and you can thank your father when he comes home. Then you can say 'thank you' to the boy who brings our bundles from the store, and the next time you go to shop with mother you can thank the clerk who waits on us. Then you can thank our heavenly Father right now. Would you like to say a 'thank you' prayer?"

Little Ruth closed her eyes and said: "Thank you, heavenly Father, for my warm cloak. I'm

glad you gave the wool to the sheep so I can have it. Amen."

That afternoon Ruth went to a party. She wore a white dress her mother had made for her, which was trimmed with some pretty flowers. Over this she wore her warm red coat. At the party she met her little friend Teddy.

"Come out in the hall, Ruth," he said. "I have a secret to tell you."

They found a seat by the window and there Teddy whispered his secret in Ruth's ear.

"Father's going to give me a pony, Ruth, and a pony cart," he said, "and I'll come and take you to ride. Won't that be fine!"

"Oh, that's the best secret I ever heard," said Ruth. "Will you have the pony soon?"

"Yes, next week," said Teddy.

When Ruth reached home her mother asked, "Did you have a nice time, dear?"

"Yes, mother," the little girl answered. "We played games and had icecream and little cakes and lots of things. And, O mother, what do you think! Teddy is going to have a pony and he'll take me to ride. Won't that be fun?"

"Yes, indeed," said mother. "You will have good times with him."

The next morning, as Ruth ate her breakfast, she asked, "Where does the bread come from, mother?"

"The wheat grew in the farmer's field," said her mother. "Our heavenly Father sent the

rain to make the ground soft. Then the farmer planted the seed. What do you think helped the wheat to grow, dear?"

"The rain, mother."

"And what else?"

"The sunshine."

"Yes, and when the wheat had grown the farmer cut it down and took it to the mill and the miller made it into flour. Then the flour was taken to the store and there mother bought it. Then it was made into bread for your breakfast. You see many people worked to give my little girl bread, just as others worked to give her a nice warm coat. And our heavenly Father, who gave the wool to the sheep, gave the sun and rain to help the wheat to grow. Can you think of anything else he gives you, Ruth?"

"The orange, mother, I've just had."

"Yes, he makes all the fruit trees grow. What other kinds of fruit grow on trees, dear?"

"Apples and pears and grapes, mother."

"Apples and pears grow on trees, but grapes grow on vines. Don't you remember the pretty vines you saw at grandfather's home a few weeks ago on which were purple grapes?"

"Oh, yes, mother, and grandfather let me pick some."

"What does our heavenly Father give us to drink?" asked her mother.

"Water, mother."



THE SECRET

rain to make the ground soft. Then the farmer planted the seed. What do you think helped the wheat to grow, dear?"

"The rain, mother."

"And what else?"

"The sunshine."

"Yes, and when the wheat had grown the farmer cut it down and took it to the mill and the miller made it into flour. Then the flour was taken to the store and there mother bought it. Then it was made into bread for your breakfast. You see many people worked to give my little girl bread, just as others worked to give her a nice warm coat. And our heavenly Father, who gave the wool to the sheep, gave the sun and rain to help the wheat to grow. Can you think of anything else he gives you, Ruth?"

"The orange, mother, I've just had."

"Yes, he makes all the fruit trees grow. What other kinds of fruit grow on trees, dear?"

"Apples and pears and grapes, mother."

"Apples and pears grow on trees, but grapes grow on vines. Don't you remember the pretty vines you saw at grandfather's home a few weeks ago on which were purple grapes?"

"Oh, yes, mother, and grandfather let me pick some."

"What does our heavenly Father give us to drink?" asked her mother.

"Water, mother."



THE SECRET



"Where does the water come from, Ruth?"

"From the faucet, mother."

"Would you like to hear a story of how the water goes into the faucet?"

"Oh, yes, mother."

"Once there were some little drops of water up in a cloud. They were having the nicest kind of ride. But after a time the cloud went in front of the sun and suddenly out fell the raindrops. They dropped down, down, down. At last they fell into a big lake, but they weren't a bit hurt.

" 'Let's see if we can help some one,' said a raindrop.

" 'Oh, yes, that will be fun,' said the others.

"They joined hands and hurried along. At last they saw some pipes. 'Let's go through these pipes and see what we shall find,' they said.

"After they had gone a long way they had to stop because they came to a faucet. But in a few moments they heard a little girl say, 'O mother, please give me a drink. I'm so thirsty.'

" 'Let us out,' said the raindrops. 'We'll give her a drink.'

"Mother turned the faucet and out tumbled the raindrops, filling the glass which she held. Oh, how good the water tasted to thirsty Ruth!"

"Why, mother, was the story about me?"

"Yes, dear, the water drops come a long way

to give you a drink. Who do you think tells the little drops when to fall?"

"Our heavenly Father. I just love him, for he gives me bread and oranges and water and —everything."

"Yes, dear, it is just as your verses say, 'God is love,' and 'He careth for you.' He gives you food and clothes, your home and friends. Would you like to learn a 'thank you' song, Ruth, to sing to our heavenly Father?"

"Yes, mother."

And she repeated after her mother this little song:

"Thank you, Father, from above,
For the friends and home I love,
For the world so bright and fair;
Thank you for your loving care.

"Thank you for the food I eat,
For the sunshine pure and sweet,
For the darkness and the light;
Thank you for the day and night.

"Thank you for the water, too,
Which comes down in rain and dew;
Thank you for the clothes I wear,
For my mother's love and care."*

* The first two verses are adapted from "A Thank You Song," found in "Carols" (Leyda Publishing Company), by kind permission of the author, Mrs. Howard M. Leyda, owner of the copyright. The last verse is by Laura Ella Cragin.

IV

HOW SNOW-WHITE CARED FOR HER KITTENS

PLEASE help me," pleaded pussy, as she rubbed against mother.

"Why, Snow-white, do you want a nice soft bed?" asked mother. "I'll make one for you."

She spread a piece of blanket in a clothes basket and pussy jumped in and purred her thanks. She was such a pretty cat. Little Margaret had named her Snow-white because her soft fur was as white as snow. Margaret loved her very much and never teased her.

A few days after mother had fixed the nice bed for Snow-white, Margaret found four pure white kittens in the clothes basket. She was so happy that she danced about the room, calling, "Mother, mother, come and see what Snow-white has in the basket!"

Mother came quickly. "Oh, how cunning they are!" she said. "Well, Snow-white, I am sure that you are a happy little mother."

She stroked the pussy's soft fur. Then Margaret called to her three brothers. "Oh, boys, come and see what Snow-white has."

The boys came running to the basket. "Aren't they fine kittens?" they said.

For a while the kittens stayed in their nice bed and made no trouble. But, as they grew bigger, they clambered over the sides of the clothes basket and were much in the way.

"Boys, you must make them a box," said mother, "where they can stay."

So the box was made, with a hole through which Snow-white and her kittens could go in and out, but not big enough to let in the big spotted coach dog that lived next door.

The days were getting warmer and mother knew that the kittens needed fresh air, so one night she set the box out in the summer kitchen. Snow-white went to her kittens and Margaret said good-night to her.

But the next morning the box was empty. There wasn't a kitten to be found.

"O mother, where can they be?" cried Margaret.

Just then Snow-white appeared and eagerly lapped the saucer of nice milk that Margaret gave her. "Where are your kittens, Snow-white?" asked the little girl.

But kitty paid no attention to her question. "I am sure that they are safe," said mother, "or Snow-white would be crying."

For two or three weeks little Margaret saw no kittens. But one day, as she was out in the woodshed, back of the summer kitchen, she

heard a soft mew. She looked all about the shed. Not a kitten was to be seen. Again she heard the soft cry. At last, looking up, she saw a kitten's face peering down at her from the loft.

"O mother," she cried, running into the house, "I've found the kittens!"

The ladder to the loft was so steep that Margaret was not allowed to climb it, but one of the boys went up and brought down the kittens. Margaret was so glad to play with them again.

"Why did Snow-white take her kittens to the loft, mother?" she asked.

"I think she feared that the dog next door would get them, or that some harm would come to them in the summer kitchen," replied her mother. "So she carried them, one by one, through the woodshed and up that steep ladder to the loft, where she thought they would be safe.

"You see, dear, Snow-white tries to take good care of her babies and protect them from all harm, just as mother cares for you. Who is it that teaches Snow-white to care for her kittens, dear?"

"Our heavenly Father," said Margaret softly.

"Yes," replied her mother, "he teaches all mothers how to care for their little ones." *

* The incidents of this story are founded upon fact.

V.

THE CHICKADEES *

THERE were once two little sisters named Emily and Gertrude, who lived in a small house in a country town. Near their home were beautiful woods in which the little girls always liked to play.

In the spring they found wild flowers there. First came the hepaticas, with their white blossoms tipped with purple and with their soft, furry leaves. Emily and Gertrude had to hunt for these little flowers, for they were almost hidden under the brown, leafy carpet of the forest.

Later came the violets, spring beauties, and other flowers. Squirrels ran up and down the trees, and birds sang in their branches. There was always much to see and hear in the woods. In summer the leaves of the trees made shady,

* This story was suggested by F. C. Woodward's poem, "Chickadees," from which quotations are made. The poem may be found in the "Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories," published by J. L. Hammett Company. Used by permission of the publishers.

cool places in which to play, on even the hottest days.

Towards the end of the summer most of the birds flew away and the little girls missed their sweet songs. As the autumn came the leaves put on their bright dresses of red and gold, and came dancing down from the trees. Now the forest was bare and brown, except where the fir trees kept their green needles.

For a time Emily and Gertrude felt rather sad, but one morning mother woke them and said, "Look out of the window, little girls."

They ran to the window and saw something white and fluffy coming down from the clouds. "O mother, snow! snow!" they cried joyfully.

The snow didn't last very long that first day, but soon it came again, and this time the ground was quite covered.

"What a nice, soft blanket the flowers have now, mother," said Gertrude.

Mother sang a little song:

"Do you know why the snow
Is hurrying through the garden so?
Just to spread a nice soft bed
For the sleepy flowers' head;
To cuddle up the baby ferns,
And smooth the lily's sheet,
And tuck a warm, white blanket down
Around the roses' feet." *

* The "Youth's Companion." Used by permission.

"I am glad that the flowers have such a warm, white blanket," said Emily. "Will you teach us that song, please, mother?"

"Yes," replied mother, "hurry and dress and I will do so."

After breakfast the little girls went for a frolic in the snow. They threw snowballs at each other, coasted on their sleds and had a happy time. When they came into the house they had a party with their dolls.

As they were playing, a little bird on a tree near the window began singing, "Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee."

Emily stopped her playing and listened:

" 'O sister, look out of
The window,' said she;
'Here's a dear little bird
Singing chick-a-dee-dee.' "

"He must be very cold," said Gertrude.

"Yes," said Emily, "for he has no stockings or shoes, and he has to walk in the snow. But just hear how sweetly he is singing his chick-a-dee-dee."

Just then mother came into the room and Emily said: "O mother, here's a dear little chickadee and I know he must be cold. Won't you get him some stockings and shoes and a little dress and hat? I wish he'd come into the house and let us warm him."

The bird had flown down to the window-sill

to get some bread crumbs which the children had put out, and he heard what Emily said. "How funny I'd look in a dress and hat, and in stockings and shoes!" he thought, and he laughed as he sang his chick-a-dee-dee.

"I thank you," he said to Emily, "for being so kind. But I don't need any dress, or stockings and shoes." Then he sang:

" 'I had rather remain
With my little legs free,
Then go hobbling along
Singing chick-a-dee-dee.' "

"Our heavenly Father has clothed me warmly, just as he has clothed you, so that I do not get cold." Then he said:

" 'Good morning! Oh, who are
So happy as we?
And away he went
Singing his chick-a-dee-dee.' "

Emily and Gertrude couldn't understand all that the little bird said, but mother told them of the loving heavenly Father's care of the birds.

"He sends the snow," said mother, "to make a warm blanket for the sleeping flowers. He taught some of the birds to fly away to the South, where it is warm, and he gave the sparrows, chickadees and other birds that stay in the North warm feathers, so that they do not get cold.

“The birds do not need stockings and shoes, dresses and hats, but you saw how glad the little chickadee was to eat the crumbs which you put out of the window. It is often hard for the birds to find food when the snow comes, so we can help our heavenly Father to feed them.”

“O mother, we’ll put out some crumbs every single day,” said the little girls.

VI

TEDDY AND HIS KITTENS

ONCE there was a little boy named Teddy. He was his mother's only child, and sometimes he was lonely and wished that he had a playfellow. His mother thought, "I must get Teddy a pet with which he can play."

The next day the grocer's boy asked to speak to her. "We have a cat and five kittens," he said. "We are moving away from our house and we cannot take them. Would you like them?"

Teddy stood near and heard what the grocer's boy said. "O mother," he cried, "mayn't I have them? I should so like to have some kittens."

"Well, you may bring them to us," said mother to the grocer's boy.

The next morning Teddy ran out to the gate right after breakfast and watched for the grocer's boy. After a while he saw dust in the road and in a moment there was the cart and horse.

As the grocer's boy drove up to the house he jumped down and lifted out a basket. In it

was such a pretty white cat and five cunning little kittens. There were three black kittens, a grey one, and a white one with a black streak on its face.

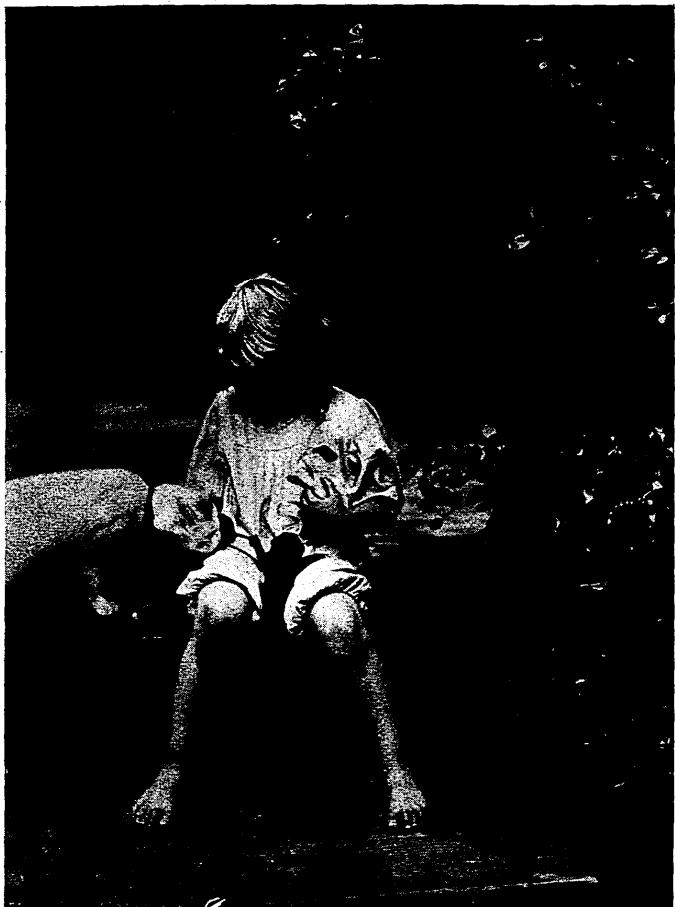
Teddy was so happy to have them. He took the kittens out of the basket and put them on the ground. Then he lifted two of the black kittens and the little white one into his lap. They were so tiny that they could hardly walk, but one of the little black kittens and the little grey one sprawled around on the ground.

Teddy held the little white kitten in his arms and the mother cat came up and licked one of the black kittens. She wanted to wash its face. She knew that Teddy loved her babies and she wasn't afraid of him. Teddy stroked her soft fur. "I'm so glad to have you and your kittens," he said.

Every day Teddy had merry plays with his pets. He named the mother cat Tabby. The black kittens he called Blackie, Topsy and Sambo. The grey kitten he named Puffy, and the white one, Fluffy.

The kittens sometimes ran up his back and sat on his shoulder. They liked to play with him. Teddy often held a string and drew it slowly across the floor, and the kittens scampered after it, trying to catch it.

Every morning Teddy fed Tabby, and after the kittens were bigger he fed them, too. What do you think that he gave them? A saucer of



TEDDY'S KITTENS

was such a pretty white cat and five cunning little kittens. There were three black kittens, a grey one, and a white one with a black streak on its face.

Teddy was so happy to have them. He took the kittens out of the basket and put them on the ground. Then he lifted two of the black kittens and the little white one into his lap. They were so tiny that they could hardly walk, but one of the little black kittens and the little grey one sprawled around on the ground.

Teddy held the little white kitten in his arms and the mother cat came up and licked one of the black kittens. She wanted to wash its face. She knew that Teddy loved her babies and she wasn't afraid of him. Teddy stroked her soft fur. "I'm so glad to have you and your kittens," he said.

Every day Teddy had merry plays with his pets. He named the mother cat Tabby. The black kittens he called Blackie, Topsy and Sambo. The grey kitten he named Puffy, and the white one, Fluffy.

The kittens sometimes ran up his back and sat on his shoulder. They liked to play with him. Teddy often held a string and drew it slowly across the floor, and the kittens scampered after it, trying to catch it.

Every morning Teddy fed Tabby, and after the kittens were bigger he fed them, too. What do you think that he gave them? A saucer of



TEDDY'S KITTENS

milk. They liked to drink it just as you do. But they didn't take it just the same way. Teddy liked to watch them lap it with their little red tongues.

The mother cat took good care of her little ones. She liked to have Teddy play with them because he was always loving and gentle.

One day when Tabby and her kittens were out in the yard a big, fierce looking dog passed by. "Run, kittens, run!" said the mother cat.

Away scampered the kittens. But after poor little Fluffy ran the big dog. Before he could reach her the mother cat rushed at him. Though he was so much bigger than she, Tabby wasn't afraid. She jumped at the dog and stuck her sharp claws into him until he howled with pain. He stopped chasing Fluffy and was glad to slink away.

After he had gone Fluffy ran back to her mother. I think that she tried to say "thank you," in her soft, purring voice. Our heavenly Father gave Tabby her sharp claws, so that she could take care of her kittens and keep them safe from danger.

VII

MAX*

THERE were four children in the little white cottage that stood all alone in the valley. Bright flowers grew in the garden, and in the meadow beyond there were white daisies, yellow buttercups and pink clovers.

Other houses were far away, so the children had no playmates but one another. But they were very happy together and very helpful to busy mother, who had so much to do.

When father and mother first went to the valley to live they travelled in a great wagon. But when Maurice, the oldest child, was a baby a railway was started through the valley.

When the twins, Frances and Frederica, were old enough to run about, the first train went by. Oh, how the children watched it! They clapped their hands and danced up and down.

Father and mother came, too, to see the train pass through the valley. Every day the children watched the cars go by, and waved their

* Adapted from the story of "Max," by Annie A. Preston.

hats and handkerchiefs to the trainmen and the passengers.

Sometimes the engineer or one of the passengers would throw something out to the children. Once it was an apple, another day some little cakes, another day some candy. How the children smiled and waved their hands!

At first their mother was afraid that they might go too near the track and be hurt, but after a time she had no fear. The whistle blew loudly before the train came in sight and the children were always careful to keep away from the track.

Black-haired Joseph, the baby, was now creeping about, and the children watched him closely to see that he did not go too near the train.

One day the freight train, which passed each noon, went more slowly than usual. Just as it came near the house the jolly brakeman swung off a big basket. It went rolling down the hill and out of it tumbled a fat, round, black and white Newfoundland puppy.

The children had never seen a dog before and they were so surprised. The engineer and brakeman laughed and waved to them until the train went out of sight around a curve.

The children named the puppy Max, and after that he was always with them when they watched the train. Sometimes they stuck his shaggy coat full of flowers so that he looked

like a big bouquet. Sometimes he had a pretty wreath of flowers around his neck.

At night the father taught him tricks. Then, when he had learned them, Max would stand on his hind legs, make a bow, roll over, turn somersaults or dance, as the train passed. The trainmen and the passengers would laugh at his tricks.

When Max had grown to be a great strong dog there was a new baby, Theresa, in the little white cottage. She was a wonderful creeper and could creep on her small hands and feet quite as fast as the other children could walk.

One day a letter came saying that grandmother was coming to make a visit. How excited the children were! Maurice, Frances, Frederica and Joseph all went out to the meadow to pick flowers to make the house look pretty.

"We will leave baby for mother to watch while we go for daisies," said Maurice.

But mother was busy and she did not see that baby had crept away from the doorstep. The children picked flowers for the house. Then they made a wreath for Max to wear and long flower chains for themselves. Just then they heard the whistle of a train and they scampered over the meadow to the place where they could see it best.

Mother, too, went to the door to see the cars pass, and there, on the track, she saw Baby

Theresa, sitting in the sunshine, playing with the sand. The engineer, too, saw her, and oh, how he tried to stop the train! But he could not do it.

"O God, save my baby," prayed the mother.

The children screamed, but they could do nothing to help their little sister. Just then Max saw Theresa. With one bound he reached the track. He caught the baby by the belt of her pretty pink calico dress, lifted her from the ground and carried her to her mother.

The engineer stopped the train. The tears ran down his cheeks. He went to the mother and shook her hand. He kissed the children and the baby, and patted the dog. Then he went back to the train. The mother held her baby close. Her eyes were full of happy tears.

The children crowded around. "O mother, God did save baby sister, didn't he?" said Maurice. "I asked him not to let her be killed." Then he patted the dog's shaggy head. "You good Max," he said.

Mother bent over and kissed the big dog. "I am so glad you were near, good old fellow," she said. Then she turned to the children, "I, too, prayed to God and begged him to save baby. How good he was to send Max to her! I can never thank him enough."

That afternoon father came, bringing grandmother with him, and they found a very happy

family. When they heard how Max had saved the baby, they, too, thanked our kind heavenly Father, who had sent the dog at just the right time.

VIII

THE DANGEROUS BOAT RIDE

THE children had been playing by the sea all the afternoon. They went close to the water's edge and, as the waves came in, they merrily ran from them.

Then, taking off their shoes and stockings, they ran races up and down the beach. How good the smooth sand felt to their bare feet. Fair-haired Bess loved to take up handfuls of it and let it slip through her fingers as she sang the little song her mother had taught her:

“Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the great, wide ocean
And the pleasant land.”

Ben, with his brown hair tangled by the wind, built houses and forts in the sand. He dug wells, too, which the water would fill. He liked to hold the shells to his ear and listen to their soft voices. At last he spied an old boat on the beach. “Oh, let's get in!” he cried.

Over the sides clambered the two children. At first only sand was about them, but, as the

tide came in, nearer and nearer crept the great waves until they lapped the sides of the boat. "See! see!" shouted Bess. "The waves are rocking us."

But soon the children's glee was changed to fear, for the boat began to move and they were drifting out to sea. Mother, busy at her work in the little house near the shore, did not hear their cries, and no one was near to help them.

As it grew darker, the stars came out, one by one, and Ben said: "Don't be afraid, Bess: our heavenly Father will take care of us. I think that he is sending his stars to shine on us, so we need not fear."

Bess cuddled up close to her brother and soon both children were fast asleep. On and on went the boat through the long hours of the night, safely riding the waves. As the morning dawned, streaks of red and gold were thrown across the sky and the sun slowly rose, but still the children slept on.

A black cloud now shut the sun from view and the wind rose. A loud clap of thunder wakened the children and little Bess clung in terror to her brother.

"Don't be afraid, sister," said the brave little fellow. "I know that Jesus will take care of us. Mother says that he is our Good Shepherd and we are his little lambs. Let us ask him to help us. Please keep us safe, dear Jesus," he prayed.

"And bring us back to mother," added Bess.

While the children prayed, the ship *Seabird* was returning home. On her deck paced the captain, peering out into the storm and darkness.

The mate (one of the captain's helpers) came up to him and said: "A boat has just passed us, carrying two children out to sea. It is dangerous to turn the ship about, but they cannot be saved unless we do this."

"They must be saved!" cried the captain. "I love my own children so much that I cannot let these two drown. God will help us to reach them. Turn the ship about."

Oh, how the sailors worked, first to turn the ship in the high sea and then to overtake the little boat! When at last they came near it, one of the sailors fastened a line about his waist and sprang into the water. He swam to the boat and securely tied the rope to little Bess, who was then drawn up to the ship.

As the captain saw her face he cried out, "My own little girl!"

Soon Ben was pulled up to safety and held close in his father's arms. Last of all came the brave sailor who had risked his life to save the children. Great was the father's joy and the sailors shared his happiness.

"We knew that our heavenly Father would keep us safe, father," said Ben.

"Didn't he send you to take care of us, father?" asked Bess.

"Yes, I am sure that he did," replied her father.

When the ship reached the harbour there stood the mother, who had been anxiously searching for the children. "They are here safe with me," called the captain.

In a moment the mother had them in her arms. The little house on the shore held a happy family that night, and as the mother tucked the children in bed and kissed them tenderly, she said, "O my darlings, I'm so glad and thankful to have you here. I kept praying to our heavenly Father, asking him to bring you safely back to me."

"And he did, mother," said Ben. "We, too, asked him, and we weren't afraid because we knew he would take care of us." *

* This story is adapted from the poem, "Drifted Out to Sea," by Rose Hartwick Thorpe.

IX

THE STORY OF ISHMAEL

MOTHER was feeding little Lucy when Donald and Stuart ran in from their play. "O mother, won't you tell us a story?" asked Donald.

"Yes, please do, mother," said Stuart.

"Well, wait till I finish giving Lucy her supper," replied mother, "and then I'll tell you of a little boy who was once hungry."

When the mush and milk was all eaten mother put the bowl away and took little Lucy in her arms. The boys sat close beside her, as she began the story.

"Once there lived a man," she said, "whose name was Abraham. For many years he and his wife had wanted a son and at last God gave them a little boy. Oh, how glad they both were! They named their son Isaac and they thanked God many times for giving him to them.

"One of the maid servants in the house also had a son whose name was Ishmael. One day Abraham gave a party, for he wanted all his friends to see his dear little son Isaac.

“At the party Ishmael made fun of little Isaac. Perhaps Ishmael was cross because no party had been made for him; perhaps he was just mischievous and wanted to tease the little boy.

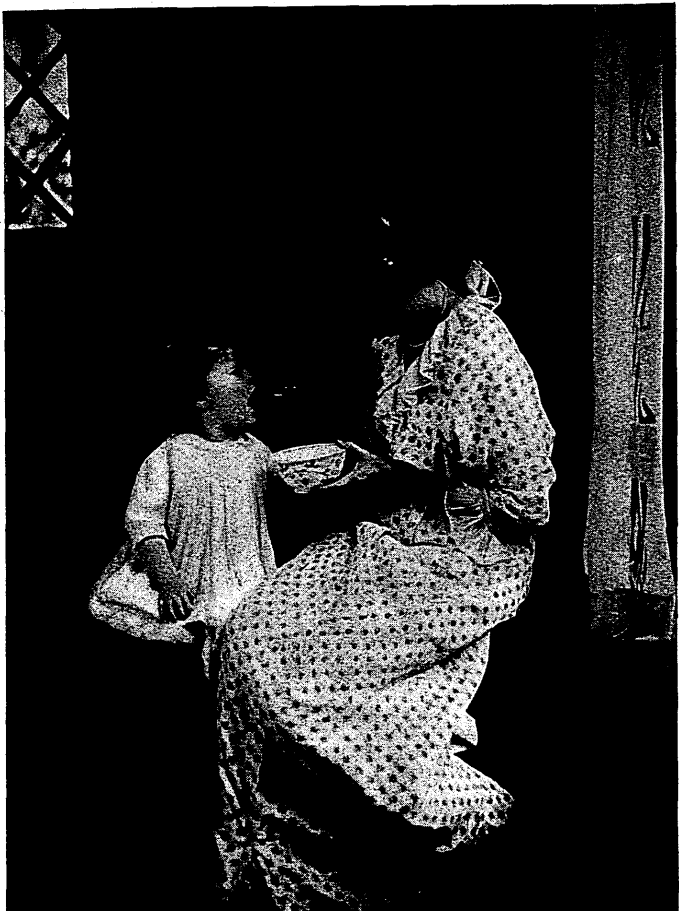
“But when Isaac’s mother heard Ishmael making fun of her son, she was very angry and she said to Abraham: ‘This boy cannot stay in our home any longer. You must send him and his mother away.’

“Abraham was a kind man and he did not want to send these two away from his home. But his wife said again and again that they must go, so at last Abraham did as she wished. He gave Hagar, Ishmael’s mother, some bread, and a leather bottle filled with water. Then he sent her and her son away.

“How sad Hagar was to leave the pleasant home in which she had lived for many years! How sorry Ishmael, too, was to go away! The two walked for quite a time. The sun was hot and there were no trees to give shade. Only sand and a few low shrubs were to be seen.

“At noon Hagar and Ishmael ate some of the bread and drank some of the water which Abraham had given them.

“Again they walked on and on. They grew very tired. They did not know just where to go. When night came they stopped to rest. Again they ate some of the bread and drank some of the water. Then they lay down on the



MOTHER GIVING LITTLE LUCY HER SUPPER

“At the party Ishmael made fun of little Isaac. Perhaps Ishmael was cross because no party had been made for him; perhaps he was just mischievous and wanted to tease the little boy.

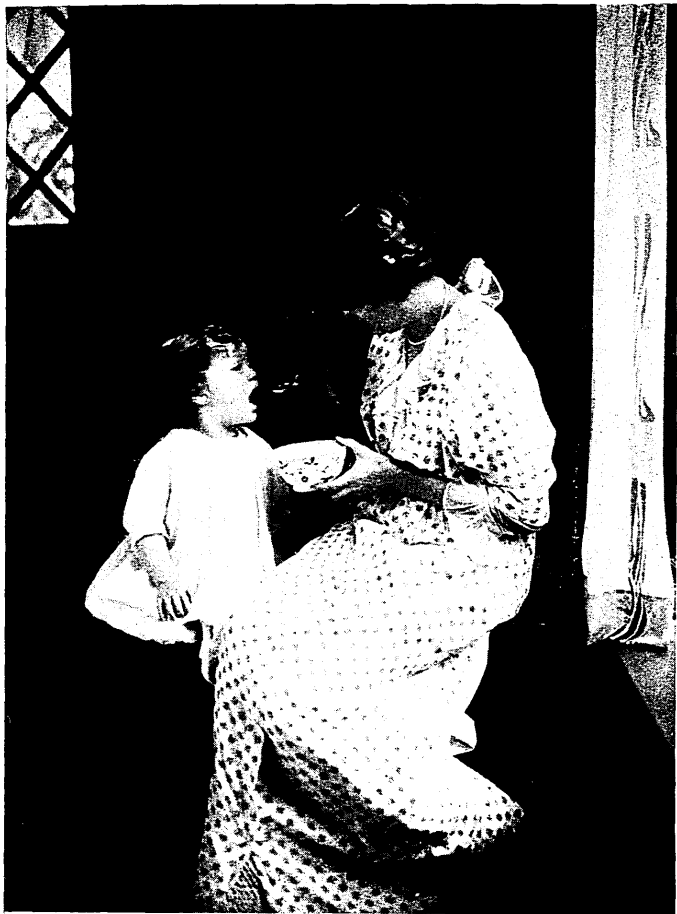
“But when Isaac’s mother heard Ishmael making fun of her son, she was very angry and she said to Abraham: ‘This boy cannot stay in our home any longer. You must send him and his mother away.’

“Abraham was a kind man and he did not want to send these two away from his home. But his wife said again and again that they must go, so at last Abraham did as she wished. He gave Hagar, Ishmael’s mother, some bread, and a leather bottle filled with water. Then he sent her and her son away.

“How sad Hagar was to leave the pleasant home in which she had lived for many years! How sorry Ishmael, too, was to go away! The two walked for quite a time. The sun was hot and there were no trees to give shade. Only sand and a few low shrubs were to be seen.

“At noon Hagar and Ishmael ate some of the bread and drank some of the water which Abraham had given them.

“Again they walked on and on. They grew very tired. They did not know just where to go. When night came they stopped to rest. Again they ate some of the bread and drank some of the water. Then they lay down on the



MOTHER GIVING LITTLE LUCY HER SUPPER

ground and slept, for there were no houses in which they could stay.

“The next day they walked on again. The next night they slept on the ground. Each day they did the same thing. At last all the bread was gone. There was no more water in the bottle. Hagar and Ishmael were hungry, but there was no more food. The hot sun made them very thirsty, but there was nothing to drink.

“Ishmael walked more and more slowly. At last he said, ‘O mother, I’m so thirsty and so tired.’

“‘Let us go a little farther,’ Hagar answered. ‘I think that we shall find water.’

“They walked on, but there was no water to be seen. ‘I can’t go any farther,’ said Ishmael.

“‘Well, then, lie down under that bush,’ said his mother. She went on a short way and then she sat down on the ground.

“When his mother left him Ishmael thought: ‘I know that God is with us in this lonely place. I am sure that he will help us find some water.’ So he prayed to God, asking him to help them. And God heard Ishmael’s prayer.

“Hagar knew how tired and thirsty her boy was. She wanted to help him, but she could think of nothing that she could do. ‘He will die if he doesn’t have water, and I cannot see him die,’ she said.

“She covered her face with her hands and

began to weep. As she was crying God sent an angel who spoke to her and said: 'What is the matter, Hagar? Do not be afraid. God has heard Ishmael's prayer and he will take care of him. Rise and go to your son.'

"Hagar rose quickly and went toward her son, and as she was going she saw a well of water a little beyond where she had been sitting. How glad she was to find it! She ran quickly and filled her bottle, and gave her son a refreshing drink. Oh, how good the water tasted!

"Soon Ishmael felt better. 'I asked God to help us, mother,' he said. 'I just knew that he would give us some water.'

"Hagar thanked God for answering her boy's prayer and showing her the water. Ishmael, too, thanked our heavenly Father. Ishmael grew to be a strong man and the Bible tells us that God was with him."

"Oh, mother," said Donald. "I'm glad that God showed Hagar the water so Ishmael didn't die."

"So am I," said Stuart.

"Yes," said mother, "God took care of him and kept him safe, and He takes care of us, too, my boys. Now mother must put Lucy to bed."

"Thank you, mother," said Stuart. "I liked that story."

"I liked it, too," said Donald.

X

PAUL PROTECTED IN THE STORM

ONCE there was a man named Paul. He was a good man. He loved God and always tried to please him. Wherever he went he told people about Jesus who loved them and came to help them. Once Paul had to take a long journey. He had to travel by land and then take a trip on the water. Two of his friends went with him.

When they took the ship the weather was pleasant but soon the wind began to blow against them. It was hard for the sailors to manage the ship. For many days they sailed slowly. Then, as the wind blew more and more fiercely, the captain decided to put to land. It was hard to get the ship to shore but the sailors worked with a will and at last they safely reached the land.

In those days people did not travel on the sea during the winter, as their ships were not strong enough to stand the terrible storms which came then. Paul said to the captain of the ship: "Sir, if we go to sea again the ship will be injured and our lives will be in danger. It would be better to stay here all winter."

But the captain did not think that this would be a good place in which to spend the winter, so he decided to sail a little farther. One day a gentle wind blew. The captain told Paul and the other passengers to go on board the ship. Then he sailed out to sea.

In a short time a strong wind began to blow. It caught the ship and drove it along. Hour after hour and day after day the ship pitched and tossed on the great waves. The sailors threw overboard all that they were carrying on the ship to make it lighter and to keep it from being broken to pieces. The wind blew harder. The great waves came dashing over the ship. There was no sun to be seen by day. No moon or stars shone in the sky at night.

The sailors and passengers were too frightened to eat any food. They thought that they might be drowned at any moment. What do you think that Paul did in his trouble? He prayed to God and asked him to save him. He prayed for all the people in the ship. Our heavenly Father heard Paul's prayer. He sent an angel to tell him that they should be kept safe in that terrible storm.

The next morning Paul called all the people together. He said to the captain: "Sir, you ought to have done as I said and not have left the place where we stopped. Then all this trouble would not have come to you."

Then he said to the sailors and the passen-

gers: "Do not be afraid, for we shall all be saved: only the ship will be destroyed. Last night God sent an angel to me and the angel said, 'Fear not, Paul; you shall be saved from this danger and God will save all those, also, who sail with you.'

"Be not afraid, therefore," said Paul to the people, "for I am sure that what God promises will come true. We must be cast upon an island but we shall not be drowned."

Don't you think that the sailors and passengers were glad to hear that they would be saved? Soon the sailors found that they were coming near land. But it was too dark to see and they feared that the ship would be dashed against the rocks, so they dropped the anchors to keep the ship from going nearer the shore. Then they waited for the day.

As it was growing lighter Paul said: "You have been many days without food. Now eat something, for it will make you stronger. Not one of you shall be drowned."

Then he, himself, took some bread, and after he had asked God to bless it, he ate it. The others on the ship, also, ate some food.

When it was light they saw that they were near an island. They put up the sail and tried to reach the shore. But the wind was blowing a gale. It broke the mast to which the sail was fastened. The great waves dashed against the ship.

Then the captain said: "The ship will soon be dashed to pieces. Those of you who can swim, jump into the water and swim ashore."

Many jumped into the sea and swam ashore. The ship began to break. Those who could not swim clung to pieces of wood from the broken ship. They were thus carried to land.

At last all reached the shore, as Paul had said they would do. Our heavenly Father had kept them safe.

XI

THE ANGEL HELPING PETER

JESUS had gone back to heaven. His disciples (the men who loved him and who had been with him every day) missed him very much. But they could still pray to him and they knew that some day they would be with him in heaven.

They tried to please Jesus in all that they did. They were kind and loving to one another. They told others about Jesus who loved every one.

There were some bad people who did not love Jesus. The king was one of these bad men. He did not wish to hear about Jesus. He did not wish others to be told of Jesus' love. Peter was one of Jesus' disciples. He loved Jesus very much and he wanted to please him.

The king said that Peter must not tell others about Jesus, but Peter was a brave man. He was not afraid of the king. He kept on telling people about Jesus who loved them and who wanted to make them good. He knew that it was right for him to please God and not to obey the bad king.

One day the king sent his soldiers to take Peter. They marched him through the streets to prison. Some of these soldiers stood outside the door of the prison. Two others were in the cell, or little room, with Peter. He was chained to these two soldiers, so that he could not get away. Some of the soldiers watched him at night, others watched him by day. Peter was never alone.

But he was not sad. He was not afraid. He knew that Jesus was stronger than the king. He knew that Jesus could save him, if it were best. He was not afraid to die, for he knew that he would go to be with Jesus in heaven.

While Peter was in prison his friends prayed to Jesus, asking him to save Peter from the wicked king. They prayed day and night. The king planned to kill Peter. "I will kill him to-morrow," he said.

Peter knew that the king planned to kill him, but he was not afraid. That night he took off his cloak, his belt and his sandals, and lay down between the soldiers to whom he was chained. He slept as peacefully as though he had been in his own bed at home. He knew that Jesus would take care of him.

Jesus did take care of Peter. He sent one of his beautiful angels to save him. In the night a bright light filled the prison cell and with the light came the angel. He touched Peter and said, "Rise up quickly."

Peter awoke and oh, how surprised he was to see the angel and the bright light! He looked down and his chains were loosened. He was no longer fastened to the sleeping soldiers. The angel said, "Put on your belt and your sandals."

And Peter put them on. Then the angel said, "Put your cloak about you and follow me."

Peter wrapped his long cloak about him and followed the angel. It was all so strange that Peter thought he must be dreaming. The soldiers in the cell were still asleep. Peter followed the angel through the door. Outside of this door were more soldiers. They, too, were asleep.

The angel and Peter came to the great iron gate that led into the prison. It was always locked and bolted. But now it began to open slowly. When Peter and the angel had passed through, the gate slowly closed.

The angel went with Peter for a little way and then he left him. Now Peter knew that it was an angel and that he was not dreaming. And he said, "I am sure that the Lord has sent his angel and has saved me from the king."

Peter walked quickly through the streets until he came to the house of one of his friends. Many people who loved Peter were there. They had been praying through the night, asking God to save him from the king. Peter knocked

at the door. A maid came to answer. "Who is there?" she asked.

"It is I, Peter," replied Peter.

The maid knew his voice. She, too, loved him. She was so glad that she didn't even stop to let him in. She ran back to the room where the others were and cried: "Peter is at the door! Peter is at the door!"

They couldn't believe her. But she said: "It is really true. Peter is there!"

Still they could not believe that Peter was out of prison. All this time he kept on knocking. At last some one ran and opened the door and there stood Peter! How astonished they all were!

Peter beckoned to them to make no noise, for he did not want the king's soldiers to find him. Then he told his friends how God had sent an angel to lead him out of prison. "Tell all my friends that I am safe," he said. "Tell them that the Lord protected me and saved me from the king."

Then he hastened away to another city, where the wicked king could not find him. I know that he thanked God for sending the angel to save him. I am sure that all his friends, too, thanked our heavenly Father, for they loved Peter and were very glad that he was safe.

XII

JESUS HELPING A FATHER

FATHER was holding the baby one Sunday afternoon, while Malcolm stood near watching her, and Ernest sat close by, trying to make his little sister laugh.

"Father, please tell us a story," said Ernest.

Father thought a moment and then he said, "I'll tell you a story about a father who lived long ago when Jesus was on earth."

"Oh, I like stories about Jesus," said Malcolm.

"In the country where Jesus lived," said father, "there was a rich man. He had a beautiful home near a lake, and many servants who were quick to wait upon him. He had one little boy whom he loved very dearly.

"The boy was a happy little fellow, and he played by the lake, ran races with the other boys, and shouted and laughed all day long. His father and mother loved to hear his merry voice and happy laughter.

"But one day the house was very still, for the little boy laughed and shouted no more. Instead, he was lying in bed very ill with a

fever. He grew worse and worse, until he did not know even his father and mother, as they bent lovingly over him.

"He tossed from one side of the bed to the other, and moaned with the pain. The kind doctor had come and done all that he could, but he could not make the little boy better. The poor father and mother were very sad, for they feared that their darling little son would die.

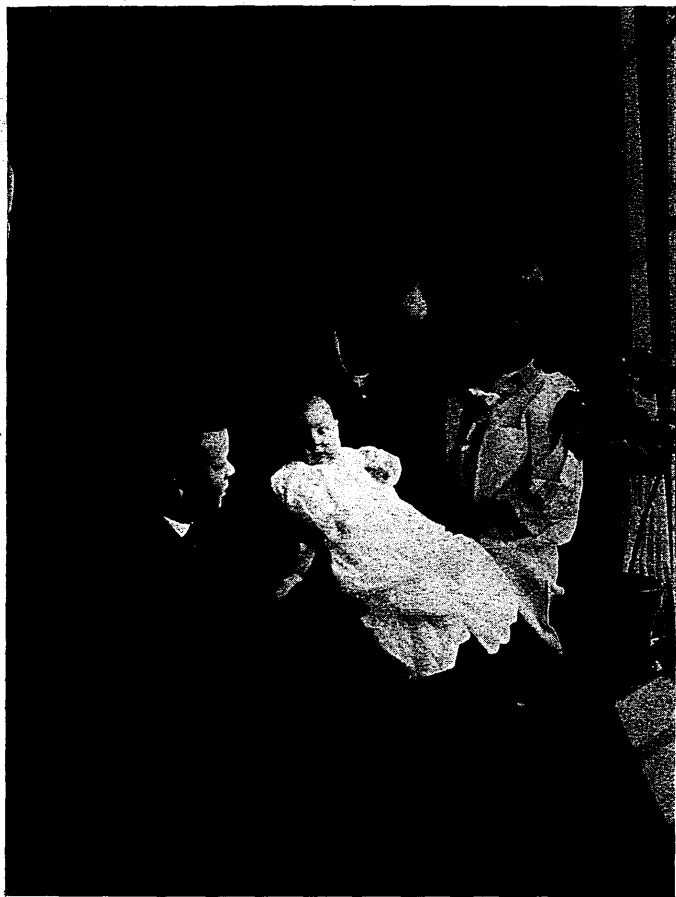
"One of the neighbours, hearing that he was so ill, came in and said: 'There is a wonderful man named Jesus, in a town near by, who is healing all the sick who are brought to him. I think that he might make your little boy well.'

"How glad the father was to hear this news! He did not send one of his servants to Jesus, for he thought, 'If I myself go to him, perhaps he will return with me and heal my little son.'

"So he started at once, and went as fast as he could to the place where he had been told that Jesus was. When he reached it he saw a great crowd of people in one of the streets, and he felt sure that Jesus must be there. He made his way through the crowd as quickly as he could, until he reached Jesus.

"Then he knelt down and begged him for help, saying: 'My little boy is so very ill that I fear he will die. Will you not come and make him well?'

"As the father spoke, his eyes filled with



"FATHER, PLEASE TELL US A STORY"

fever. He grew worse and worse, until he did not know even his father and mother, as they bent lovingly over him.

“He tossed from one side of the bed to the other, and moaned with the pain. The kind doctor had come and done all that he could, but he could not make the little boy better. The poor father and mother were very sad, for they feared that their darling little son would die.

“One of the neighbours, hearing that he was so ill, came in and said: ‘There is a wonderful man named Jesus, in a town near by, who is healing all the sick who are brought to him. I think that he might make your little boy well.’

“How glad the father was to hear this news! He did not send one of his servants to Jesus, for he thought, ‘If I myself go to him, perhaps he will return with me and heal my little son.’

“So he started at once, and went as fast as he could to the place where he had been told that Jesus was. When he reached it he saw a great crowd of people in one of the streets, and he felt sure that Jesus must be there. He made his way through the crowd as quickly as he could, until he reached Jesus.

“Then he knelt down and begged him for help, saying: ‘My little boy is so very ill that I fear he will die. Will you not come and make him well?’

“As the father spoke, his eyes filled with



"FATHER, PLEASE TELL US A STORY"

tears, for he loved his little boy dearly. Jesus looked down at the poor father and he felt very sorry for him.

"Again the father spoke, 'Will you not come quickly before my child dies?'

"And Jesus said, 'Go thy way; thy son liveth' (that is, 'Go home again; your son is well').

"What wonderful words! The father saw that Jesus did not need to come with him. He knew that his little boy had been healed, even though Jesus had not seen him. How happy he was! He thanked Jesus with all his heart and then he went back to his home. Now he knew that he need not hurry, so when the darkness came, he stopped and spent the night in an inn, or small hotel.

"The next morning he started once more on his journey and, as he was travelling, he saw some of his servants coming towards him. They were running and their faces were bright and happy, so he felt sure that they had good news to tell him. Even before they reached him, they called, 'Your son liveth! your son liveth!'

"The father asked them when the little boy began to get better and they answered, 'Yesterday, at one o'clock,' which was just the time that Jesus had said, 'Your son liveth.'

"When the father reached home he was so glad and thankful to find his little boy well.

After that both he and the little boy's mother loved Jesus, because he had loved them so much that he had made their little son well."

"O father, I'm so glad Jesus made that little boy well," said Malcolm.

"I think that father was pretty happy," said Ernest.

"I am sure that he was," said their father, as he smiled lovingly at his three children.

XIII

JESUS AND A BLIND MAN

THE poor beggar was blind. Day after day he sat by the side of the road, begging. He had always been blind. He had never seen the bright sunshine, or the tall trees with their leaves dancing in the breeze. He had never seen the green grass or the bright-coloured flowers. He had never seen the faces of his father and mother and friends. He had always lived in darkness.

He was poor, too. His parents lived in a small, old house and they had little to eat. They could not do much for their blind son. His clothes were ragged. He was often hungry. Day by day his father or mother or some friend took him to a place where people passed by. There he sat down.

As the people passed he asked them to help him. "Please give me something," he said. "I am blind. I have always been blind. I cannot work. Please help me."

Some people hurried by. They did not notice the blind man. Others pitied him. They spoke kindly to him. They gave him a little money.

As he grew older he could walk without help from his friends. He had a strong stick with which he felt his way along. Each day he found a place by the road and sat down. When he heard the people passing he begged for help.

It was pleasanter out of doors than in his poor home. He could hear the songs of birds. He could smell the sweet flowers. He could feel the breeze blowing against his face. Some days he heard the whistling of the wind. Then he was cold and drew his ragged cloak closer about him.

Oh, how he wanted to *see*! "If I could only look at the sky," he thought. "If I could only see the trees and flowers. If I could only look into my mother's face." But he thought that he should always be blind.

One day some people passed by. One of them was a man whose voice the blind man heard. He had never before heard a voice that was so sweet and gentle. It sounded so kind. "Please help me," begged the blind man.

Jesus stopped, for it was Jesus who had the kind voice. Then he stooped down. He wet some earth and made clay. He put this on the blind man's eyes. How gentle his fingers were! The blind man had never been touched so kindly before. "Go and wash in the pool near by," said Jesus.

The blind man heard Jesus' kind words. "Will he really make me see?" he thought. He

went to the pool as fast as he could go. He felt his way along with his stick. When he reached the pool he stooped down. He took up some water and bathed his eyes. The sticky clay was washed off and his eyes opened. He could see!

He could hardly believe that he was awake. He thought that he must be dreaming. He rose to his feet. He was not asleep. It was really true that his eyes were opened! There was the blue sky over his head. There were the green trees and the bright flowers. There were the sunbeams dancing on the water of the pool. He could really see!

He hurried to his home. He wanted to tell his father and mother. When they saw him they were so surprised. "Can this be our son," they said, "with his eyes open!" Then they asked him, "Who made you see?"

Their son told them of the man who put clay on his eyes and told him to wash in the pool. "When I washed, my eyes opened," he said, "and I could see!"

How happy his mother and father were! Nothing else could have made them so glad. Whom do you think the beggar wanted to find? He wanted to find the man who had made him well. He wanted to look in his kind face. He was sure that he would know his voice. He went along the streets looking for him.

As he passed, the people saw him. One of

them asked, "Isn't this the beggar who was blind?"

Another said: "Oh, no, it isn't he. This man only looks like him."

But the beggar said, "I am the man."

How surprised the people were! "How did you get your sight?" they asked.

The beggar told them what Jesus had done. "Who was the man who made you see?" asked the people.

"I do not know," answered the beggar.

On he went, hunting for the man with the gentle, kind voice. Jesus had been to church and, as he came out, he looked for the beggar. Soon he found him. "Do you love and trust God's Son?" asked Jesus.

The blind man knew Jesus' voice. Oh, how he loved him! "Who is God's Son?" he asked.

"I am Jesus, God's own Son," said Jesus.

The beggar knelt down. He bent over and kissed the robe that Jesus wore. "O my Lord," he said, "I love you. I will always trust and obey you."

Jesus smiled upon him, and the beggar was happier than he had ever been in all his life.

XIV

JESUS HEALING A SICK BOY

IN a country far from here there once lived a little boy. He was a happy little fellow. He liked to run and play as little boys do now. He liked to be out of doors as all boys do. There were no boys living near him, so he played with his dog. They had fine romps together.

He made friends with the birds, too. He was so kind to them that they were not afraid of him. He was careful never to frighten them. He threw them crumbs and sometimes they flew to him and ate out of his hand.

The little boy's father and mother had no other children and they loved him dearly. It made them happy to look at his bright face and hear his merry laugh. But one day he was taken ill. His mother and father did all they could for him but he did not get better. They sent for a doctor. He could not make him well.

After a time other doctors were called but his dreadful disease was not cured. Sometimes he seemed better. He was well enough to go out of doors. But then he would be ill again

and his father and mother did not know what to do for him. He grew to be quite a big boy but he still had this dreadful illness.

One day a friend came to the house and said to his father: "There is a great Teacher, named Jesus, who is doing wonderful things. He touches the eyes of the blind and makes them see. He opens the ears of the deaf so they can hear. He makes the lame walk and heals those who are ill with different diseases. I believe that he could help your little boy."

Oh, how glad the father was to hear of this great healer! He learned that Jesus was in a town not far away. He started at once, taking his little sick boy with him. When he came to the place where Jesus had been he found that Jesus had gone away with some of his disciples.

"He is up on the mountain," said the people, "but we think that he will come down again soon. Here are some of his disciples. Perhaps they can help your little boy."

The father took his sick boy to the disciples and they tried to help him but they could not make him well. "We are sorry," they said, "for we should like to help you. You must wait until Jesus comes."

The poor father waited but he was very eager to have Jesus come, for he wanted his son made well. At last the people called out, "Jesus is coming! Jesus is coming!"

The father looked up and there were Jesus and three of his disciples, Peter, James and John. "Take your sick boy to Jesus," said the people, "and he will make him well."

The father took his little boy and hurried to Jesus. He knelt down and said: "Won't you heal my son, Lord? He has a dreadful disease. I brought him to your disciples but they could not help him."

"How long has he had this illness?" Jesus asked.

"Ever since he was a little child," the father answered.

"Do you think that I can make him well?" asked Jesus.

"I am sure that you can," said the father.

Then Jesus healed the illness and the boy was well! How lovingly the little fellow looked at Jesus! How glad he was to be well! And how astonished all the people were! I know that Jesus was glad that he could help the little boy. I am sure that it made him happy to see his bright face.

At first the father was so surprised that he could not speak. Once more he knelt down. He thanked Jesus for answering his prayer and making his son well. Then, taking his son by the hand, he returned to his home.

The mother was waiting there. Oh, how eager she was to know if Jesus had helped her dear little son! When she saw that he had been

cured tears of joy filled her eyes. She clasped her little boy close in her arms. "O my darling little son," she said, "I am so glad that you are well."

XV

JESUS AND THE CHILDREN

JESUS was tired. He had had no time to rest. All day the people had been with him—such crowds of people—coming close around him. So many had needed help and he had helped them all. He loved them and was so sorry for them.

He was always glad to touch the eyes of the blind so that they could see the beautiful things our heavenly Father had made, and to open the ears of the deaf so that they could hear the sweet songs of the birds, the music of brooks and the voices of their friends.

Some of the sick people could not speak and it gave Jesus joy to touch their lips so they could talk and laugh like other people.

Then Jesus had talked to the people. He had told them stories which they always liked to hear. He had tried to help them to be unselfish toward others and to obey our heavenly Father, but often they forgot and did wrong things.

Even his disciples, who had been with him so long, did not always understand what he tried

to teach them, though he answered their questions and tried to make them know and love our heavenly Father. And so he felt tired and sad.

Just then Jesus heard a little child's laugh. How sweet it sounded! Jesus smiled as he listened. Then he heard children's voices and another merry little laugh. They were coming nearer. Yes, there they were—many children with their mothers. Jesus was glad that they were coming to him, for he loved children very much.

But what was happening? The disciples were speaking to the mothers. They were telling them to go away. The mothers looked sad, the children laughed no more.

Jesus went toward them. "You do not understand," he said to his disciples. "Suffer little children to come unto me" (or "Let them come to me), for I love them very much."

Then Jesus sat down. He took a little baby in his arms. The baby put a soft little hand on his face and smiled back at him. How sweet she was! Jesus loved to hold her.

Then he put her back into her mother's arms and took another and another until he had held each little baby. On each little head he had laid his loving hand as he asked our heavenly Father to give his blessing.

And not a single baby was frightened and not a single baby cried. Instead, they smiled at

Jesus who was looking so tenderly down at them.

The children came close about him. They knew that he loved them. Children always know who is their friend. They nestled their heads on his shoulder, they put their arms about him, they smiled up into his kind face.

And Jesus put his hands on their heads, one after another, and asked our heavenly Father to take care of them and to help them to be loving and good.

It made Jesus happy to have the babies and little children with him. The sad look went out of his face. He was tired no longer. The children had rested him.

On another day Jesus had to go to a big city. He sent his disciples to get him the colt of an ass to ride on, for he was tired. He did not want to walk. They brought a little colt that had never before been ridden.

The man who owned him was glad to let the disciples take him when he heard that Jesus wanted to ride, for he loved Jesus. The disciples were sorry that Jesus was tired. They put their cloaks on the colt to make a comfortable seat for him.

As he rode along the people saw him. They were surprised to see him ride, for he usually walked. They loved him and wanted to do something for him, so they spread their long cloaks of red, blue and yellow in the road, that

Jesus might have a bright carpet upon which to ride.

They broke off the long, feathery branches from the palm trees and threw them down before Jesus. They waved palm branches in their hands as they sang, "Hosanna! Hosanna! Praise Him! Praise Him!"

Children, too, went with him, and again Jesus smiled as he saw their faces, which were bright like the sunshine, and heard their sweet voices, singing, "Praise Him! Praise Him!"

They came close to him and looked lovingly up into his face. How sweetly and clearly their voices rang out! Jesus loved to hear them. He was sad and tired no more. Again the children had rested him.

XVI

LEARNING TO PRAY

WE'RE all ready for bed, mother," called Alice. "Will you come up now?"

"Yes, dear," replied her mother, "I will come at once."

When mother came she sat down near the bed and Alice and Florence, in their white night dresses, knelt at her knee while they prayed:

"Jesus, Friend of little children,
Be a Friend to me;
Take my hand and ever keep me
Close to thee.'"

"Please bless father and mother and all my friends. Make me a good girl. Amen," said Alice.

"Make Flossie dood dirl," prayed little Florence.

When the prayers had been said, Florence climbed into mother's lap and Alice sat by her side. "Tell us a story, mother, please," they begged.

"Would you like to hear how Jesus prayed to God?" asked their mother.

"O mother, did Jesus pray just as we do?" asked Alice eagerly.

"Yes, dear, I am sure that his mother taught him to pray when he was a little child, and when he grew to be a man he used to pray to God every day. I think that he was never so happy as when he was talking to the heavenly Father.

"When he was tired he would often go up alone on a mountain, and there he would stay for a long time, praying to God. Once he spent the whole night talking to the heavenly Father and I think that it rested him more than if he had slept.

"Do you remember the little boy who gave his lunch to Jesus?"

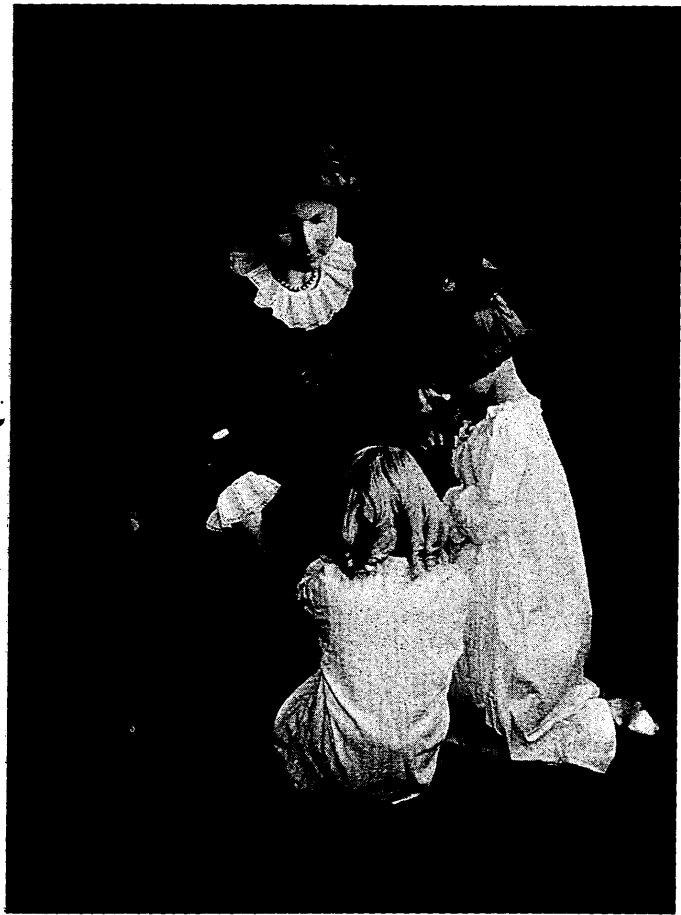
"Oh, yes, mother," said Alice. "It was when Jesus fed so many people."

"Jesus wanted the people to remember that our heavenly Father gives us our food, so, before he broke the bread and fish, he raised his eyes to heaven and thanked God."

"We thank him, too, don't we, mother, before we eat?" said Alice.

"Yes, dear, what is it that we say?" asked her mother.

"God is great and God is good,
And we thank him for our food,"



THE EVENING PRAYER

“Would you like to hear how Jesus prayed to God?” asked their mother.

“O mother, did Jesus pray just as we do?” asked Alice eagerly.

“Yes, dear, I am sure that his mother taught him to pray when he was a little child, and when he grew to be a man he used to pray to God every day. I think that he was never so happy as when he was talking to the heavenly Father.

“When he was tired he would often go up alone on a mountain, and there he would stay for a long time, praying to God. Once he spent the whole night talking to the heavenly Father and I think that it rested him more than if he had slept.

“Do you remember the little boy who gave his lunch to Jesus?”

“Oh, yes, mother,” said Alice. “It was when Jesus fed so many people.”

“Jesus wanted the people to remember that our heavenly Father gives us our food, so, before he broke the bread and fish, he raised his eyes to heaven and thanked God.”

“We thank him, too, don’t we, mother, before we eat?” said Alice.

“Yes, dear, what is it that we say?” asked her mother.

“God is great and God is good,
And we thank him for our food,”



THE EVENING PRAYER

said Alice softly. "I'm glad Jesus, too, said 'thank you.'"

"When Jesus was in trouble," said her mother, "he asked God to help him. When he was happy he thanked God. Many times each day he talked to our heavenly Father.

"But when he asked God for anything he always said, 'Not my will but thine be done,' that is, 'Give this to me if it is best for me to have it.'

"Jesus' disciples (the men who loved him and who helped him in his work) used often to see Jesus praying. One day they came to him and said, 'Lord, teach us to pray.'

"Before Jesus did this he talked to his disciples about our heavenly Father. 'God knows what you need,' he told them, 'even before you ask him and he will give you what is best for you to have. But he likes to have you go away by yourself and pray to him.'

"Then Jesus taught them a prayer which I want you both to learn, little girls, when you are older. I will tell you a little about it now.

"It begins, 'Our Father, who art in heaven,' and when we say the words we think of our loving Father in heaven, who is always ready to help us.

"Do you think that the angels please God, Alice?"

"Oh, yes, mother, I am sure they do," replied the little girl.

"Jesus taught his disciples," said mother, "to ask God to help them to do what pleased him, just as the angels do in heaven. 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven' were the words he taught them.

"Then he said, 'Before you pray, you must be loving and kind to others. If you are angry with any one and are not willing to forgive him, then God cannot forgive the wrong things which you have done. This is what I want you to pray, Forgive us our debts (the things we do that are wrong), as we forgive our debtors (those who do wrong things to us).'

"For many, many years people have said this prayer which Jesus taught to his disciples, and it has helped them to be loving and good. Now you must jump into bed, little girls."

As mother tucked the covers about the children and kissed them good-night, Alice said, "Tell me the first part of that prayer again, please, mother."

"'Our Father, who art in heaven,' " said her mother.

"'Our Father, who art in heaven,' " repeated Alice, "please bless me."

"Faver in heaven, bess me," said little Florence.

And the stars which shone into the room seemed to be bringing them a good-night blessing from our heavenly Father.

When the little girls awoke the next morning

Alice jumped out of bed and dressed quickly. After she had helped Florence to dress she knelt and prayed:

“Jesus, gentle Shepherd,
Once a little child,
Help me to be like thee,
Loving, true and mild.

“Now the morning cometh,
With its work and play;
Be thou, loving Jesus,
With me all the day.” *

After breakfast Alice ran out of doors to play. She was pushing her dolly in its carriage when Brewster, a big boy who lived near, came by.

“Hello, Alice,” he cried, “let me give your doll a ride.”

Quick as a wink he seized the carriage and, lifting it high, he ran off with it. Alice ran after him, screaming, “Give me back my dolly!”

But Brewster, who wanted to tease her, ran faster than she could and was soon out of sight. Alice turned and went back to her mother, crying loudly. “Oh, mother, he’s a horrid bad boy,” she sobbed, “and I hate him. I’ll never forgive him, never, *never!*”

Mother took her little girl in her lap and

* From “A Morning Prayer,” in “Hymns for the King’s Children.” By permission of the author, Edward M. Fuller, owner of the copyright.

rocked her gently. Then she brought some cool water and sponged her hot face. "I am sorry that Brewster was so rude," she said. "But I think that he only wanted to tease you. I am very sure that he won't hurt your dolly and will soon bring it back to you."

"But, mother, I didn't do a thing to him and he was as mean as he could be. I'll never forgive him!"

"Do you remember, Alice," said her mother, "when you cut up mother's ribbon to make a dress for your doll? It was ribbon that I needed and what if I had said, 'Alice is so naughty that I'll never forgive her.' Mother didn't say that, did she, dear?"

"Oh, no, mother," replied the little girl.

"Our heavenly Father forgives us when we do wrong and you remember that in the prayer he gave his disciples he taught them to say, 'Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.' You cannot say that prayer, dear, unless you forgive Brewster."

"I will forgive him, mother," said the little girl. "Oh, see! There he is now."

"Here's your doll, Alice," called Brewster. "I was only teasing you when I ran away with it."

Alice took her doll in her arms and said, "I will forgive you, Brewster." Then, as Brewster ran off, she asked, "Now, mother, I can say Jesus' prayer, can't I?"

“Yes, dear,” replied her mother; “would you like to learn that part now? It is ‘Forgive us our debts,’—you remember that I said that means the things we do that are wrong—‘as we forgive our debtors,’ that is, those who do wrong things to us. ‘Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.’”

Alice knelt and said the prayer. Then mother said, “I am sure that it makes Jesus happy to have you loving and forgiving.”

XVII

SUNDAY, THE CHILDREN'S BEST DAY

ONCE there were two little boys named Robert and Arthur. They lived in a pretty house in a country town and all through the week they had happy plays together out in the big yard or up in their pleasant playroom. But when Sunday came they had the happiest times of all.

"When is our best day coming, mother?" they would often ask.

There were many things to make them happy on Sunday. There were toys which were kept in the "Sunday closet" all the week. These were a Noah's ark, some beautiful blocks, books with such pretty pictures in them, a kaleidoscope, in which they liked to watch the changing colours and figures, and other things.

Then there was Sunday school, to which they liked to go, and once in a great while, when they had been very good all the week, they went to church, also. "When you are older you may go every Sunday," said mother, and the boys wished they could grow old faster.

Then, best of all, father was at home, and

they could be with him. On other days they saw him only at breakfast and for a few moments before they went to bed at night, because he had to work. "Sunday," father said, "is the beautiful day our heavenly Father has given me for a rest, and so I need not work."

He often told the boys stories Sunday afternoons and sometimes these stories were of the time, long, long ago, when our world was made. He told them how God made the water and land, the light and darkness, the trees and bushes, the grass and flowers, the birds and fish and all the animals, and last of all, Adam and Eve.

"After God had finished his work," said father, "he saw that it was good. Everything that he had made was beautiful and perfect. Then God rested and because it was so pleasant to rest after work, he planned a rest day. 'I will have one day,' God said, 'when people may rest and do no work. It shall be my day and on it every one may think of me.'"

"So God made this beautiful day and called it the sabbath. This is the day we now call Sunday, and because God made it, father need not work but can stay at home with mother and with you boys."

"O father, I'm glad God made Sunday," said Robert.

"So am I," said Arthur.

"Would you like to take a walk with me

now?" asked father, "while mother lies down? We might go and see your little friend Edwin who sprained his foot."

The boys were glad to go and Robert asked, "May we take him some of our Sunday candy, father?"

Every Saturday father brought home some candy which the boys liked and which they had only on Sunday. Father was glad that Robert wanted to share it with his little friend. "Yes, you may take it and Arthur may carry some oranges to Edwin."

The boys liked to walk with father for he showed them so many interesting things—birds' nests, and ant-hills, and bees gathering honey—and he always had stories to tell about them all.

At last they reached Edwin's home and oh, how glad he was to see his visitors! He had found it hard to be shut in with his sprained foot when he wanted to run about and play. He was much pleased with the candy and oranges which the boys had brought and they had a happy visit together.

As father and the boys were going home father saw something lying in the grass. "What is that, I wonder," he said.

As he stooped to pick it up the little thing tried to fly and father saw that it was a bird with a hurt wing. "We'll take it home, boys," he said, "and I think that I can bind up the

wing so the little bird can soon fly. Then we will set it free, for it would rather live out of doors."

When they reached home father carefully bound up the wing and then the boys fed the little bird some crumbs.

"Will you help me get supper now, boys?" asked mother.

"Oh, yes, mother," they answered.

They always liked to help her get the supper ready. Other nights they had their supper before father came home, but on Sunday, when the maid went out, they had an early tea, so they could all be together. There was always something the boys especially liked—jelly, cunning little cakes, or something else. The boys called this their "Sunday surprise."

After supper mother played the songs they sang in Sunday school, "Little Lambs so White and Fair," the "Sunbeam Song," "Praise Him," and others, and they all sang them.

When the boys went to bed that night they knelt down to pray to our heavenly Father. Robert said, "Thank thee, heavenly Father, for our best day."

As mother tucked the little boys in bed Arthur said, "O mother, Sunday is such a happy day. I wish it came every day."

"I am glad that you like it so much, little son," replied his mother.

XVIII

SUNDAY SUNBEAMS

ONCE there were two little sisters named Lois and Amy. They had happy times playing together and with the children who lived near them.

When Sunday came they liked to go to Sunday school. The little beginners met in a large, sunny room where there were beautiful pictures on the walls, pretty curtains at the windows and sweet flowers on the table.

The teacher, Miss Mason, had such a bright face and was so loving that the children always liked to be with her. They especially liked to hear her tell stories. One Sunday she told them what Jesus did when the sabbath (or Sunday) came.

“When Jesus lived on this earth,” she said, “people did not know what our loving heavenly Father wanted them to do on the sabbath. Their leaders told them that God said that they must not work, and that it would be working even to help a little sick child or a man who was in trouble.

“It is not pleasant to have some one say, ‘Don’t do this,’ and ‘Don’t do that,’ all the time, is it, children? There were so many things the people were told not to do on the sabbath that they were not always happy on this day.

“Jesus was troubled because people did not love the sabbath, which is our heavenly Father’s own day, and because they were not kind to each other, when this day came. He tried to show them what they should do.

“He always went to church, which he called his Father’s house, and I know that he liked to go. He used to talk or preach to the people, as our minister does, telling them of our heavenly Father and showing them how they could please him.

“One sabbath he went to church with his disciples. While he was there he saw a man whose right hand was hurt so that he could not use it. The leaders had told the people, you remember, that it was not right to help any one on the sabbath and now they asked Jesus, ‘Is it right to heal on the sabbath day?’

“Jesus answered: ‘If you had one sheep and it should fall into a pit, or deep hole, on the sabbath, would you not lift it out? If you would help a sheep, isn’t it much better to help a man?’

“The leaders did not answer Jesus and he

was grieved because they did not say that it was right to help others. He turned to the man whose hand was hurt and said, 'Hold out your hand.'

"And the man held it out and Jesus healed it. Oh, how glad he was! I am sure that he thanked Jesus for making his hand well and that he praised God. I know that was the very happiest sabbath he had ever had.

"On another sabbath day Jesus laid his loving hands on a woman who had been ill for a long time and made her well. On other sabbaths he touched a blind man's eyes so that he could see, and he healed the sick who were brought to him, for he wanted to teach the people that it was always right to help others on God's day."

When Miss Mason had finished her story she said: "Now let us ask our heavenly Father to make us kind. Please say the words after me." Then she and the children prayed: "Dear Father, may we help some one to-day. May we always love Sunday. Thank thee for giving us this beautiful day. Amen."

Then Miss Mason said: "I want to give you a little verse, and when you tell this story to mother and father will you tell them the verse, too? It is, 'Be ye kind one to another.'"

After the children had learned the verse, they sang the "Sunbeam Song":

"Darkness, darkness, flee away,
This is what the sunbeams say,
When they come at dawn of day,
Bringing light and gladness.

Chorus

"I would be a merry sunbeam shining,
Shining all the day;
Clouds and darkness I would scatter
With my brightest ray.

"I would like the sunbeam say,
Darkness, darkness, flee away;
Into some sad heart to-day
Send a ray of gladness.

Chorus

"Little deeds of love I'll do,
Words I'll speak so kind and true,
Thus I'll be the whole day through,
Like a sunbeam shining,"*

Chorus

"Try and be sunbeams to-day, children,"
said Miss Mason, as she bade them good-bye.

When Lois and Amy reached home they told their mother the story. Then Lois asked, "Can't we be sunbeams and do something kind to please Jesus to-day, mother?"

"I wish we could help sick people as he did," said Amy.

"Do you know of any one who is ill?" asked their mother.

"Yes, mother, you know Susie broke her arm," answered Amy.

* "Sunbeam Song," by Mrs. A. C. Blodgett. Published in leaflet form by P. W. Blackmer. Used by permission of Mr. Blackmer, owner of the copyright.

"Well, I wonder if you can think of anything to make her happy," said mother. "I think that happy people get well faster than those who are sad."

"I can take her one of my picture books," said Amy—"the one I like best, with pictures of Jesus."

"And I can take her some of the pansies in my garden," said Lois. "I'm sure they will make her happy."

"Yes, I know that she would like both the flowers and the book," said their mother, "and I will send her some lemon jelly. After dinner I will give you some picture post cards and you may both paste them into a book, and then take that to her, for her to keep. Father will go with you and carry the jelly."

After dinner the little girls worked hard, pasting the pretty post cards into the book that mother gave them. They were very careful not to get any paste on the pictures, for they wanted the book to look pretty. When all the cards were in, Lois picked her pansies and Amy found her book.

Then father took them to their little friend's home. Susie was so pleased with the book, and she liked the pansies with their bright little faces. "I'll make believe they're children playing with me," she said.

The three little girls looked at the post cards together and then father told them a story.

“Now it is time to go home, little girls,” he said. “Bid Susie good-bye and after we are gone she can have the jelly that mother sent.”

That night, as mother was putting the little girls to bed, Lois said, “O mother, it was such a happy Sunday!”

“I’m going to do something kind every Sunday, just as Jesus did,” said Amy.

“I’m glad that my little girls were like sunbeams to-day,” said their mother. “I’m sure that you made Susie happy and I know that you pleased Jesus, also.”

XIX

THE HELPERS

IT was Sunday afternoon. Mother had been reading to the children the story of Samuel and of how he helped Eli in the temple.

"I wish that I could help some one, mother," said Walter.

"Me, too," said little Grace.

"O mother, can't you think of something that we can all do?" asked Evelyn.

"I have thought of a plan," said father, who was sitting near. "To-morrow we'll all keep our eyes and ears open and be ready to help any one who needs us. Then to-morrow night we'll tell what we have done."

"Oh, that will be fun, father. I hope I can find some one to help," said Walter.

The next morning, as father kissed them all good-bye, he said, "Don't forget that we are to be helpers to-day."

"No, father, I'll remember," said Evelyn.

"Me, too," said little Grace.

As Evelyn went along the street to school she passed a house. She looked up and there at the window sat an old lady. "Oh, I know

what I'll do," thought Grace. "I'll take something to Mrs. Randolph this afternoon. It must be hard for her to sit in a chair all day long."

When Evelyn went home at noon she said: "Mother, don't you think that it would be a nice plan for me to pick some flowers from my garden for old Mrs. Randolph? I'd like to help her."

"Yes, dear," said her mother, "and I'll send her a glass of jelly."

That afternoon, when Evelyn came home from school, she picked some pansies, nasturtions and sweet peas. Then she took these and the jelly to the old lady. How pleased she was!

"You were good to think of me, my dear child," she said.

"I think that it must be hard to sit still all day," said Evelyn. "When I pass your house, as I go to school, I'll wave to you after this."

"Very well, I'll be looking out of the window watching for you, my dear," said Mrs. Randolph. "These flowers will make me happy for many days. Please thank your mother for the jelly."

As Walter was coming home from school that afternoon he heard some one crying. He was in a hurry, for he was going to play ball with some boys, so he ran on without stopping. But in a moment he thought, "Perhaps that's some one I can help."

So he ran back to see who was crying. There

stood a little boy with tears rolling down his face. "What's the matter?" asked Walter.

"I've lost my money," sobbed the child. "Mother sent me to buy some bread."

"Where did it go?" asked Walter.

"It rolled under this board," said the child.

Walter stooped down and looked through the crack in the sidewalk. Sure enough, there was the dime. "Wait a moment and I'll get it," he said.

He quickly found a long stick and poked and poked until he had pushed the money out. "There you are," he said.

"Thank you," said the child, as he ran off to buy the bread.

"Me want to help," said little Grace that morning to her mother.

"You shall help mother, pet," said mother. "Would you like to wipe the dishes?"

"Yes, muvver," said the child.

So little Grace wiped the spoons and forks, while mother washed the dishes. Then mother said, "Now come and we'll make the beds together."

Grace patted and smoothed the sheets and blankets, as mother spread them.

That night, after supper, father asked, "Well, what did the helpers do to-day?"

Then Evelyn told of the old lady to whom she took the flowers and jelly. "She was so pleased, father, and she's going to watch for me when I

go to school, and I'm going to wave to her."

"I'm glad that you could make her happy, dear," said father, "for it is hard not to be able to walk or go out of doors. What did you do, Walter?"

"I helped a little boy, father," he replied. And then he told of the lost money which he had helped to find.

"That was a kind thing to do, my son," said his father. "I think that the little boy was glad there was a helper around. What did my baby girl do?"

"Me made beds and wiped dishes and helped so much," said little Grace, holding out her arms to show how much she had helped.

"Yes, she was mother's dear little helper," said mother.

"Now do you want to hear what I did?" asked father. "You know that I, too, was playing the helping game."

"Oh, yes, father, do tell us," said the children.

"A man came to me in trouble," said father. "He has a wife and four children. He has had no work for a long time and did not know what to do. I remembered a friend of mine who wanted another clerk, so I took the man to him. I think that he will be the very one my friend wants."

"I think the man was glad that you were a helper, father," said Evelyn.

"Now, mother, let us hear how you played the game," said father.

"I cooked the meals, and mended some clothes for father and for you children, and made the rooms neat and pretty," said mother.

"O mother, you're a helper every day, aren't you?" said Walter.

"It always makes me happy to do things for each one of you," answered mother.

"Let's play the helping game every day," said Evelyn.

"I will," said Walter.

"Me, too," said little Grace.

XX

LITTLE BUILDERS

THE children were having a tea party out in the yard. Sylvia had brought her two dolls and Sewall had his Teddy bear and his boy doll. The boy doll didn't wish any tea, so he sat on the ground, while the others came to the table.

"Will you have some tea?" asked Sylvia.

"Yes, please," said Sewall.

Sylvia poured it out carefully and passed the cup to her little brother.

"This is very delicious tea," he said, as he drank it.

"Oh, there's an ant come for tea," said Sylvia, as a little black creature ran across the table.

"Let's see if we can find its home," cried Sewall.

The children hunted and soon found a little mound. As they watched, many little ants ran back and forth over the ant hill.

"Let's get grandma to tell us a story about them," said Sylvia.

"Shall we take the dollies?" asked her brother.

"No, Teddy will take care of them. Wait, I'll pour them some tea and they can have a party while we are gone."

So she poured out a cup for each doll and told Teddy to watch them carefully. Then both children ran into the house. "Grandma! grandma!" they called.

"What is it, dears?" said grandma.

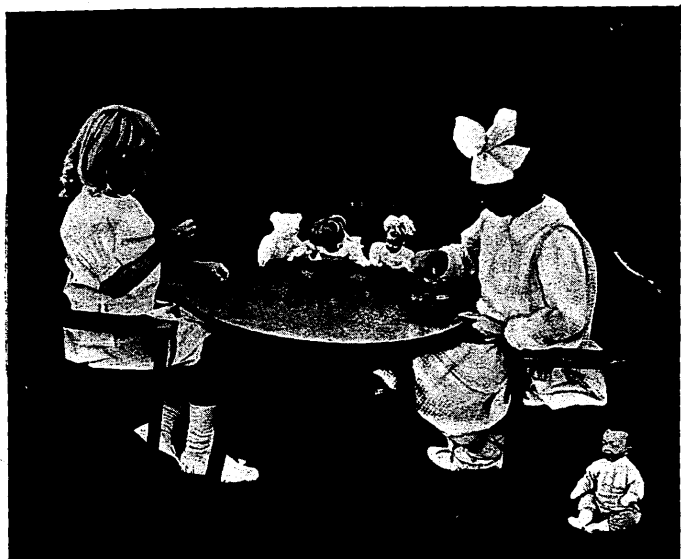
"Won't you tell us a story about ants?" asked Sylvia. "Just now a little ant ran across the table where we were having a tea party."

"Yes," said Sewall, "and we hunted and found the ant hill and there were ever so many ants running back and forth."

"Very well," said grandma. "If you will sit down, I will tell you a story about them."

"She was just a little ant," said grandma, "but she had ever so much work to do. There were babies to feed and take out into the sunshine. There were cows to milk. There were tiny ants to help out of their cradles. There was honey to find and bring home. There was the house to make neat. But the little ant didn't get discouraged. She just went right to work."

"She didn't live in a house like ours. Her house was under the ground. She had helped to build it. First she and her sisters had cleared a place for it. They didn't have to cut down trees as people do. But they had to cut



THE TEA PARTY

"Shall we take the dollies?" asked her brother.

"No, Teddy will take care of them. Wait, I'll pour them some tea and they can have a party while we are gone."

So she poured out a cup for each doll and told Teddy to watch them carefully. Then both children ran into the house. "Grandma! grandma!" they called.

"What is it, dears?" said grandma.

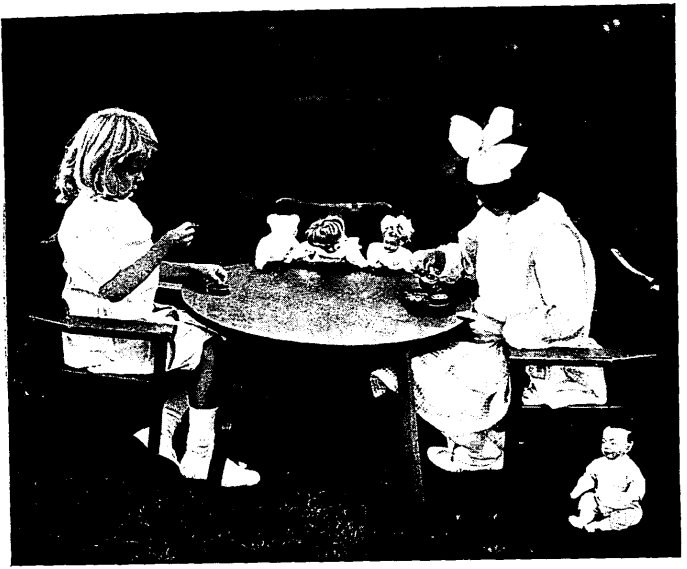
"Won't you tell us a story about ants?" asked Sylvia. "Just now a little ant ran across the table where we were having a tea party."

"Yes," said Sewall, "and we hunted and found the ant hill and there were ever so many ants running back and forth."

"Very well," said grandma. "If you will sit down, I will tell you a story about them."

"She was just a little ant," said grandma, "but she had ever so much work to do. There were babies to feed and take out into the sunshine. There were cows to milk. There were tiny ants to help out of their cradles. There was honey to find and bring home. There was the house to make neat. But the little ant didn't get discouraged. She just went right to work."

"She didn't live in a house like ours. Her house was under the ground. She had helped to build it. First she and her sisters had cleared a place for it. They didn't have to cut down trees as people do. But they had to cut



THE TEA PARTY

down grass instead. And I think that it must be as hard for a tiny ant to cut a blade of grass as for a man to chop a tree.

“This little ant did not have an axe with which to cut but, instead, she used her mouth. She and her sisters cut down one blade of grass after another until they had a round space. From this they made roads leading in different directions.

“In the centre of this open space they made the gate to their house. Then they dug down into the ground. They had to take out the sand and each little ant could carry only one grain of sand at a time. But they worked and worked, bringing up the grains of sand and leaving them above the ground.

“As these grains were piled one on top of another they made quite a mound, or little hill. As you know, children, we call these hills ant hills. The little ant and her sisters made rooms and halls in their underground house. They worked hard day after day until the house was all nicely made.

“The little ant and her sisters and brothers had a queen. This queen laid many tiny white eggs. These eggs had to be carried out into the sun each morning and brought back into the house at night. When the eggs were hatched what do you suppose came out? Not ants, but little white grubs.

“They hadn’t any legs, so the little ant and

her sisters had to carry them. They needed the sunshine to help them to grow, just as little children need it. On sunny days the little ant and her sisters carried all these ant babies out into the sunshine, and at night they brought them back into the house, just as they carried the eggs.

"The babies had to be fed, so the little ant and her sisters gathered honey and other food for them. When the grubs, or ant babies, had grown as big as the ants they went to sleep. They wrapped themselves in tiny cocoons, just as the caterpillars do. For many days they lay asleep and when they woke up they were not grubs anymore. They were ants.

"But they could not get out of their cocoons, or cradles, without help. The little ant and her sisters were glad to help them. They unfolded the little legs and smoothed out the wings until the baby ants could walk about by themselves. Wings, I said, for the queen and some of the other ants had wings at first, but after a time their wings dropped off. Then they looked just like the ants you have just seen, children.

"There are many other things I could tell you about ants, but I must leave them for another story."

"Thank you, grandma," said Sylvia. "Will you tell us some more to-morrow?"

"Oh, please do," said Sewall.

“Yes, I’ll be glad to do so,” said grandma.

“Let’s go and watch the ants again,” said Sylvia.

“Yes, let’s,” said Sewall.

Back ran the children to the ant hill and for a long time they watched the little black ants busily at work.

XXI

HOW THE ANTS FILLED THEIR STOREHOUSES

GRANDMA was sitting on the porch reading when the children came back from a ride with father.

"O grandma, tell us some more about the ants," said Sewall.

"Would you like to hear how they milk their cows and fill their storehouses?" asked grandma.

"Oh, yes, please tell us," said both children.

"Well, I'll tell you some more about the same little ant of which I told you yesterday," said grandma.

"One morning this little ant wanted to give the babies their breakfast. She ran out of doors and up a little bush where she found some of her cows. They didn't look like the cows you have seen. They were tiny insects.

"As the little ant stroked them softly they each gave her a drop of honey, just as the cows give milk. This honey the little ant carried back to feed the babies.

"Then she took the babies out of doors into the sunshine. She had to carry them quite a way and perhaps she grew a little tired. But

she didn't stop long to rest. She and her sisters took first one baby and then another, until all of them were out in the sunshine. Then they carried out the eggs, too, so they would get warm and hatch out.

"Then an ant came running up and said: 'We have found a fly. Come and help us bring it to the house.'

"The little ant was always glad to be helpful, so she ran quickly to help the others. One ant alone could not move this dead fly, but when many pulled together, they brought it back to their house.

"This was the ants' meat and they were glad to have it to eat. When they had all finished their dinner the little ant and her sisters picked up the bits that weren't eaten and made the house neat.

"All day long the little ant helped, getting food, taking care of the eggs and the babies, and cleaning the house. When the sun went down, all the babies had to be brought back into the house. It was quite late before the little ant was ready to rest, but I know that she was glad to be a helper.

"One summer day the ants had a meeting. One of them said: 'It is summer now and there is plenty of food, but when winter comes we cannot find much. Let us bring the grain into our storehouses, so that we may have plenty when cold weather comes.'

“ ‘That is a good plan,’ said the others. ‘We will all help to get the grain.’ ”

“The little ant and her sisters went out looking for grain and they found some grass seeds. ‘These are good to eat,’ they said. ‘We will carry them to our storehouse.’ The little ant could carry only one tiny seed. She took it home and came back for another.

“When these seeds had been carried away she hunted for more. In and out of the thick grass she went until she found other seeds. Then she carried these home. Sometimes the way was rough. The little ant had to climb over blades of grass, which was hard work when she was carrying the heavy seed.

“Sometimes there were sticks in the way and she had to go around them, if they were too high to climb over. Sometimes she had to burrow under a stone. On and on she went until she reached her home. Inside she found the little round hole, or room, which was to be used for a storehouse. Here she dropped her seed and ran back for another.

“Many, many ants worked hard to gather these seeds and they filled one storehouse after another. When winter came there was plenty of food for all these busy workers, and for the queen that laid the eggs from which the babies came. The ants were happy together because they had all learned to help.”

“O grandma, that’s a fine story,” said Sewall.

"Thank you for telling it," said Sylvia. "I'm going to help, too, like that little ant. When mother comes home, I'm going to ask her if I can do something for her."

"Can we help you, grandma?" asked Sewall.

"Yes, thank you," said grandma. "I should like to have you bring me my knitting which is on the table in my room, Sewall. And, Elsie, will you please bring me the case for my glasses. I think I left it in the library."

The children ran to get the knitting and the case. When they brought them grandma said: "Thank you both very much. You are dear little helpers."

XXII

A LITTLE ESKIMO SISTER

SING me a song, mother, please," said Dora. Mother gathered her little girl close in her arms and as she rocked her she sang:

"The Eskimo babies are wrapped all in fur;
They live in the north country,
Where cold winds blow; and Jesus loves them
Just as he loves you and me.

"And all the dear babies, wherever they grow,
So cunning, so precious, so wee,
Are God's darling children; and Jesus loves them
Just as he loves you and me." *

"I like that song, mother," said the little girl. "Won't you please tell me a story about the Eskimo children?"

"Yes," said mother, and she began:

"Once upon a time there was a little girl who lived in the funniest kind of a house. It was round and made of stone, and half of it was under the ground. The door was so small that to enter it one must get down and creep in on his hands and knees.

* From "The World Children for Jesus," by Margaret Coote Brown, and used by her kind permission.

“The little girl had such a strange name, Agoonack. You couldn’t have told that she was a little girl, if you had seen her. You might have thought that she was a little bear, for she was dressed all in white bear-skin. She had leggins or trousers of fur and a little fur jacket, and a nice, warm, fur hood. She had boots, too, made of seal-skin.

“Agoonack needed all these warm clothes, for she lived far up north where it is very cold all the time. But she wore her fur clothes only when she was out of doors. Just as you take off your heavy coat and mittens and leggins, when you come into the house in winter, so Agoonack took off her fur clothes. She did not need them when she came in, for a big lamp made the little house where she lived very warm.

“What do you suppose that Agoonack had to eat? She had no oatmeal, no potatoes or other vegetables, no bread or crackers, no puddings and no fruit. There was nothing but meat for her to eat, and sometimes there was some milk for her to drink.

“But where do you suppose the milk came from? There were no cows in that cold country. What animals draw Santa Claus’ sleigh?”

“Reindeer, mother,” said Dora.

“Well,” said her mother, “there were reindeer in that far-away country and they gave

the milk which little Agoonack had to drink. The reindeer were the horses, too, and sometimes Agoonack went for a fine ride on a sled which a reindeer pulled.

“All winter long it was dark out of doors, for the sun could not be seen. But the stars shone brightly, and sometimes beautiful golden and crimson lights were to be seen in the sky. Often in the winter great snowstorms came and then Agoonack’s house was buried in snow for several days.

“Then she played with her baby brother, little Sipsu. Just as you would eat candy, they ate long strips of meat. But Agoonack was glad when the storm was over and her father could dig out the low doorway. Then she put on her warm fur clothes and went out for a ride on her sled.

“What do you think pulled her little sled? Two little brown dogs which her father had given her. They went so fast that Agoonack had to hold on tight or she would have fallen off.

“Her sled wasn’t made like your ‘flexible flyer.’ There was no wood of which to make a sled, so her father took big whalebones and tied them together with strips of seal-skin and so made a sled for his little daughter. It had a back for her to lean against and was very comfortable.

When the summer came the sun could be seen again, and oh, how glad the people were to see it, after they had lived in darkness so long. At first it could be seen only for a little while each day, but after a time it stayed in the sky and was bright even at night.

“Then white birds came and built their nests in the rocks and a few little flowers grew. But still the great snowdrifts lay upon the ground.

“One time a kind man went up to see the people who lived in that cold country. He visited in Agoonack’s home and talked with her father and mother. When he went back to his home he told his friends about the little houses and the cold and the snowstorms.

“‘These people do not know about Jesus,’ he said, ‘and if you will help me, I will go back again and tell them of Him. I will also carry some things to them which will make them more comfortable.’

“All his friends helped him. Even the children gave some of their toys and books for those other children. They pasted picture postcards and other pictures into scrapbooks and sent those, too.

“When this man reached the cold country how glad the people were to see him again! He opened the boxes which he had brought and gave the presents to the people. There were many things to make them more comfortable and they were greatly pleased.

"The children, too, were delighted with the gifts which had been sent to them by those other children—the balls and picture books and the scrapbooks of pretty post-cards.

"What do you think Agoonack's present was? A doll. She had never seen a doll before, and she thought it the best thing she had ever had. She hugged it tight in her arms. 'I'm going to take it with me when I ride on my sled,' she said, 'and at night it can sleep close beside me.'

"Then the kind man told her about the little children who loved her and who had sent her the doll. He told her about Jesus, too, who loved her even more than those other children did. And Agoonack and her father and mother learned to love Jesus."

"O mother, may I send something to an Eskimo child?" asked Dora.

"Yes, I think so, dear," replied her mother. "I will go to the Missionary Rooms and I am sure that I can learn there of some child whom you can help." *

* The descriptions in this story are adapted from "Agoonack, the Esquimau Sister," in "Seven Little Sisters Who Live on the Round Ball That Floats in the Air," by Jane Andrews.

XXIII

HOW EDNA HELPED THE CHILDREN

FAR from here, in a country across the ocean, there lived a little girl named Edna. Her father had gone to that country to tell the people there about our heavenly Father and about Jesus. They did not know that God loved them. They had never heard that Jesus came to show them how to love one another.

Edna's father went from place to place, helping the people. Her mother, too, helped them. She went into the homes. She taught the mothers how to care for their babies when they were sick. She taught them how to love one another. Edna, also, wanted to help.

Late one afternoon a poor woman came to the door. She had a sick child in her arms. Edna was just going to have her supper. She looked out of the window and saw the woman coming.

"O mother, there is a poor woman at the door," she said. "She seems so tired and hungry and she has a child who looks sick. Mayn't I give her my supper?"

"Yes, dear, you may give it to her," said her mother.

Edna carried out her own supper and gave

it to the poor woman. She was so glad to have it. She gave some of it to her sick child. Some she ate herself.

Edna's mother came out to see her. "Where are you going?" she asked.

"To my brother who lives in the next town," the woman replied.

"Come in," said Edna's kind mother. "It is too late for you to go any farther to-night. You may sleep here."

The woman was very glad to come in. The next morning, after breakfast, she started once more on her journey. Edna's mother gave her some food to take with her, so she should not be hungry again.

Edna often went with her mother to the homes of the poor people. She helped carry food to them. She played with the children. A few weeks before Christmas she said to her father, "O father, I wish we could have the children come to our house on Christmas and give them presents and make them happy."

"I wish that we might do this, little daughter," said her father, "but I have nothing to give them. I have so little money to spend and I have to use it to buy food and clothing for the people who are very poor."

That night, when Edna knelt down to pray, she said, "Dear Jesus, please send some presents for the children at Christmas time." Each night she said this little prayer.

One day a big box came for her father. Edna wondered what could be in it. "Perhaps, mother, Jesus has sent the Christmas presents for the children," she said.

She could hardly wait for her father to come home. At last she saw him coming. He was tired and sad. There were so many people to help and he had so little to give them.

Edna ran to the door. "Father, father, a box has come," she said. "I think perhaps it is Christmas presents for the children. I've been asking Jesus to send them."

Her father smiled as he kissed her. "I hope that it may have some presents in it, my little girl," he said.

He opened the box and oh, what a beautiful surprise he found! There were many dolls, and the very prettiest one was marked, "For little Edna." The little girl danced about and clapped her hands. Then she hugged her new dolly.

"I'm so happy to have it," she said. "And I am so glad there are dolls for the other little girls."

There were many toys and pictures in the box. There were picture post-cards fastened together with ribbons, and others pasted in scrapbooks. There were picture rolls and Sunday-school papers.

With the box came a letter. It said that the children in a Sunday school in America had

sent these things to the little children in that far-away country.

"The children made the scrapbooks last summer," the letter said, "and they have given their own toys. They hope to make those other children happy at Christmas time. Our Sunday school sends some money, too, to help you to tell the people about Jesus."

"I just knew that Jesus would send some presents," said Edna. "Now we can have the children come here at Christmas time, can't we?"

"Yes," said her father. "There is something for every one. And these scrapbooks and post-cards I will carry to the little ones who are too sick to come here. These picture rolls and Sunday-school papers we will use in our Sunday school."

On Christmas the children all came to Edna's home. When they were given their dolls and toys they were so surprised. Many of the little girls had never had dolls. They thought they were the prettiest things they had ever seen.

Edna's father told them how Jesus came as a little Baby to this world to make every one happy, and to teach them how to love one another and how to love God.

"Some little children way over in America loved you," he said, "and wanted you to be happy on Jesus' birthday, so they sent these things. They pasted these pretty cards in

scrapbooks or tied them with ribbon, and I shall take them to little children who are ill. The American children sent you their own toys to make you happy."

Edna's father wrote to the children in America. He told them how his little girl had prayed to Jesus and asked him to send presents for the children, and how happy she was when the box came.

He told how all the little children came to his home on Christmas day and received their presents. "Your gifts made them all very happy," he wrote.

And the children in America were glad that they could help those other children in that far-off country.

XXIV

THE POLICEMAN, THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

FREDDIE was playing with some other boys when a policeman came in sight. "Run, run, he'll catch you," said the boys, as they scampered off.

Freddie ran into the house. When he found his mother he asked her, "Why will the policeman catch me, mother?"

"My dear little son," replied his mother, "the policeman is your good friend. He is always ready to help you in any danger. What makes you think that he will catch you?"

"The boys said, 'Run, he'll catch you,' when they saw him coming," Freddie answered.

"Come sit on my lap, dear," said his mother, "and we will talk about the policeman. First, I want to tell you that the men who are at the head of our city choose men who are big and strong and brave to help take care of people. These men are called policemen.

"Sometimes boys throw stones which break windows, or they throw snowballs which might hurt some passer-by, and then the policemen stop them, just as the fathers and mothers of

these boys would stop them, if they saw them doing wrong things.

“But if boys and girls are doing what is right, the policemen will always help them. Don’t you remember that when you went down town with mother to see the procession, the big policeman picked you up and carried you across that crowded street?”

“Oh, yes, mother, I remember,” said Freddie. “He was a kind man.”

“I want to tell you some splendid things that policemen have done,” said his mother. “One afternoon a policeman was watching on the street corner in front of a school when the little children came out. He stood there every day to see that they went safely across the street.

“On this day he was helping them across when he heard a loud noise. Looking up, he saw a run-away horse coming towards them. Quickly he pushed the children who were in the street to the right and left, out of the way.

“He called to the other children: ‘Stay where you are! Don’t come in the street!’

“Then he ran and caught hold of the bridle of the run-away horse. The horse reared and plunged; then dashed ahead, dragging the policeman. But the brave policeman hung on. At last he stopped the horse. The little children were all saved from harm.”

“O mother, wasn’t he brave!” said Freddie.

"Yes, dear," replied his mother, "for the horse might have killed him."

"Tell me another story, mother, please," said the little boy.

"I could tell you many stories of the brave things which policemen do, little son," said his mother. "In the paper we often read how they save little children, boys and girls, and grown people from danger.

"Some day I will tell you these stories, for I want you to remember that a policeman is always a good friend, who will protect you, even though he may be killed himself.

"To-day I will tell you just one more story. One day last winter some boys were skating on a river. The ice had been thick, but several warm days had come and it was no longer safe. Suddenly it broke and two boys fell into the cold water.

"A policeman was walking up and down on the shore, watching so that he might help, in case of an accident. When he saw the boys fall into the water he ran for ropes and a ladder. He pushed the ladder out on the ice toward them.

"But as he neared the place where they had fallen in, more ice broke and he, too, went into the icy water. He tried to hold on to the ice, but it kept breaking as he took hold of it. At last he grasped a firmer piece. Then, reaching out, he seized the bigger boy, who was sink-



WATCHING FOR DADDY

"Yes, dear," replied his mother, "for the horse might have killed him."

"Tell me another story, mother, please," said the little boy.

"I could tell you many stories of the brave things which policemen do, little son," said his mother. "In the paper we often read how they save little children, boys and girls, and grown people from danger.

"Some day I will tell you these stories, for I want you to remember that a policeman is always a good friend, who will protect you, even though he may be killed himself.

"To-day I will tell you just one more story. One day last winter some boys were skating on a river. The ice had been thick, but several warm days had come and it was no longer safe. Suddenly it broke and two boys fell into the cold water.

"A policeman was walking up and down on the shore, watching so that he might help, in case of an accident. When he saw the boys fall into the water he ran for ropes and a ladder. He pushed the ladder out on the ice toward them.

"But as he neared the place where they had fallen in, more ice broke and he, too, went into the icy water. He tried to hold on to the ice, but it kept breaking as he took hold of it. At last he grasped a firmer piece. Then, reaching out, he seized the bigger boy, who was sink-



WATCHING FOR DADDY



ing. The policeman pushed him up on the ice.

"The little boy could no longer be seen, as he had gone under the water. The policeman was very cold, but he drew a deep breath and dived under the icy water. In a moment he came up, and in his arms he carried the smaller boy. He pushed him, also, onto the ice and then he climbed up himself.

"All the people praised the policeman who had gone into the icy water to save the boys, though he might have been drowned himself. Wasn't he a brave man, Freddie?"

"Yes, indeed, mother," replied Freddie. "I'm glad that we have policemen in our city."

"Now take your Teddy bear," said mother, "and go out on the porch and watch for father. I think that he will come soon."

So Freddie went out on the porch and sat down where he could watch the road. He put Teddy right beside him, and Teddy had on overalls just like Freddie's.

Soon the little boy saw his father. "Daddy, daddy," he cried, as he ran out to meet him.

"O daddy, do you know how brave policemen are? Mother has told me such fine stories about them."

"Well, you must tell them to me, my boy," said his father, as he swung Freddie and Teddy up on his shoulder.*

* The incidents telling of the bravery of policemen, which are given in this story, are founded upon fact.

XXV

FOUR FRIENDS HELPING A SICK MAN

THERE was once a man who had many friends. He saw them often. They came to his house to see him. He went to their houses. They liked to be together. After a time the man was taken sick. He had pain in his back. Then he had pain in his arms and legs. He grew worse and worse.

At last he could not leave his bed. He could not move his hands or his feet. His wife and children had to care for him. They had to feed him, for he could not take his own food. They were very sorry that he was ill. His friends, too, were very sorry for him. "We wish that we could help him," they said.

They talked about this a great deal. They tried to think of something that they could do. One day they heard that Jesus was coming to their city. They heard that he made sick people well. They were very glad.

"We will take our friend to Jesus," they said. "He will heal him. How happy we shall be when our friend is well again!"

They entered the sick man's room. "Jesus

has come to our town," they said. "He is healing the sick. Perhaps he can make you well. We will take you to him."

"Make me well!" cried the sick man. "Oh, how wonderful that would be! I thought that I should never move again. Oh, how good you are to help me!"

The four friends carried the sick man on a mat. Each man took hold of one corner. They lifted the sick man carefully. They walked slowly, so that they should not hurt him. They went on and on. At last they saw a crowd. "Jesus must be there," they said.

They went towards the house. But Jesus was inside. They could not see him. There were many, many people about the door and in front of the house. The sick man's friends could not take him through such a crowd. They could not even get near the door. "What shall we do?" they asked each other.

The sick man was troubled. He did so want to be well. But now he feared that he could not even see Jesus. Then one of his friends looked up at the roof of the house. "There is a way," he thought.

And he said to the others: "Let us carry our friend up the stairway of this house. Then we can make a hole in the roof and let him down through it."

"That is a good plan," the others answered.

When Jesus was here on earth, every house

had an outside stairway, leading up to the roof. The four friends carefully carried the sick man up the stairway. The roof of the house was flat. The four friends made a hole in the roof. Then they tied a rope to each corner of the mat on which the sick man was lying and let him down.

Jesus had been talking to the people. He heard a noise over his head. He looked up. A man was being let down to him. Jesus was sorry for the sick man.

He looked at the crowd about him. "This man's friends could not bring him through the door," he thought, "because there was such a crowd. They believe that I can make their friend well. I will help him."

When the man was let down Jesus looked lovingly at him. He felt sorry for him. "He cannot move his body and he is in pain," thought Jesus. "He has done wicked things, so his heart is sick, too. I will make him well and I will help him to be good."

Then Jesus said to the man, "Son, thy sins are forgiven."

The man was watching Jesus, hoping that he would make him well. As Jesus spoke I think that tears came into the sick man's eyes. He was sorry that he had done wrong things. He thought, "I will try to do what is right after this."

Then Jesus said, "I say unto thee, Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thy house."

The man was very much surprised. "Why, I haven't walked for years," he thought. "How can I arise and take my bed and go home?"

He looked at Jesus, and Jesus smiled kindly at him. "I *will* do it," said the sick man. "Jesus will help me."

He moved his feet. He found that he could stand up. He rolled up the mat, on which he had been lying, and put it on his shoulder. I think that he thanked Jesus for making him well. Then he walked through the room and out of the house.

The people moved to one side, so that he could pass by them. They were all astonished. "We never saw anything done like this before," they said. They praised God for sending Jesus to help them.

I think that the first thing that the man who had been made well did, when he was outside of the house, was to find his friends. They had been watching from the roof, through which they had let him down to Jesus. How glad they were when Jesus made him well!

Now the man found them, as they were coming down the stairway, which led down from the roof. "How good you were to me!" he said. "If you had not taken me to Jesus I should never have been well.

"When you saw what a crowd there was,

if you had taken me home again, I should never have been able to move. But you carried me up on the roof. You made a hole and let me down to Jesus, and he made me well. How can I ever thank you! I hope that I can help you some time."

His friends answered: "We were glad to help you. We are very happy because you are well."

XXVI

A LITTLE BOY HELPING JESUS

O MOTHER, Jesus is in the next town," said the little boy. "May I go and see him?"

The mother looked at her boy's eager face. "I should like to have you hear Jesus," she said, "but I fear that it is too far to the next town for you to go alone."

"Can't you go with me, mother? I wish you would," said the boy.

"No, dear," replied his mother. "I, too, wish that I could go, but I have much to do in the house this morning, so I cannot get away. I am afraid, though, to let you go so far all by yourself. Is any one you know going?"

"I'll see, mother," and away he ran.

In a moment he was back again. "Timothy, the fisherman, is going, mother," he said, "and he says that he will take me with him, if you will let me go. *Do* say yes, mother dear."

"Well, my boy, you may go. I know that Timothy will take good care of you. But wait

a minute. I want to give you a little lunch. It may be late before you get back."

"Hurry, please, mother. I don't like to keep Timothy waiting. Oh, I do so want to see Jesus! They say he tells such fine stories and makes sick people well and does so many wonderful things. Is the lunch ready, mother?"

"Yes, dear, here it is. Stay close to Timothy. I hope that you will have a happy day, and when you come home you must tell me all about it. Mother wishes that she could go with you. Good-bye, little son," said the mother, as she stooped to kiss him.

"Good-bye, mother. I'll tell you all about it when I come back," and off he ran.

The mother stood at the door, watching him. What a good boy he was! She was glad that God had given her such a dear little son. When he was out of sight she went back to her work.

The little boy ran on to his friend's house. The fisherman was standing by his door. "Ah, here you are," he said.

"Did you have to wait for me?" asked the boy. "Mother wanted to give me a lunch."

"There is no hurry," said the fisherman, "but we will start now. I want to hear Jesus, so I am not going to work to-day. I heard him once. He has such a kind face and he does wonderful things.

"Peter and Andrew said that once they had fished all night and caught nothing. When they

came back Jesus told them to go out once more and this time they caught so many fish that they had to call John and James to help pull them in, and their nets almost broke."

"Oh," said the boy, "how did Jesus know where the fish were?"

"He seems to know everything," replied Timothy, "and he can make even the winds and the waves obey him."

"Can he really?" asked the boy.

"Yes," said Timothy. "Peter told me that once they were all out in a boat and Jesus was asleep, as he had had a busy day. Suddenly a storm came up and the wind blew very hard and the waves dashed against the boat and it began to fill with water.

"Peter said that the disciples were all afraid that they would be drowned and they wakened Jesus. He stood up and spoke to the wind and waves, as if they were people, and said, 'Peace, be still.'

"And the wind stopped blowing and the waves became still. What do you think of a man who can do such things, my boy?"

"Oh, I think he is wonderful," the boy answered. "I'm so glad we are going to see him."

"You'll know him at once," said Timothy. "He has the kindest face you ever saw. There'll probably be a crowd about him."

The two friends walked on, but when they

came to the town Jesus was not there. "Where has Jesus gone?" asked Timothy.

"Across the lake," the people replied. "See, there is his boat."

Timothy looked and there it was halfway across the lake. "Can you take a long walk, my boy?" he asked. "We can go around the lake and find Jesus when he lands."

"Oh, yes," said the little boy. "I know I can walk that far and I do so want to see him."

Many other people were going and all were talking about Jesus. Some were taking sick people for him to cure. There were those who were blind and deaf and lame. They all hoped that Jesus would heal them. The little boy did not get tired. He listened eagerly to all the stories that the people told about Jesus.

At last they reached the place where Jesus' boat was lying, but he and his disciples were not there. They had climbed a hill near by, so the people went up after them.

Jesus was tired. He had gone away to rest. But when he saw the people he thought, "They need me. I will go down to them."

So he came down and touched the eyes of a blind man and he could see. The little boy stood near. How surprised he was! "He has made that blind man see," he said to Timothy.

"Yes," answered the fisherman, "and watch him now."

Timothy watched Jesus as he touched the leg

of a lame man. The cripple threw away his crutches. He walked and ran and jumped. Then he knelt down at Jesus' feet and tried to thank him.

"Jesus has such a kind face," said the little boy. "I just love him."

Then Jesus began to talk. The little boy could understand his stories. "I wish mother could hear them," he thought. "I will tell them to her when I go home."

It grew later and the sun went down, but no one started for home. The people were too interested in what Jesus was saying. At last the disciples came to Jesus and said: "Send the people away, for it is getting late. They have nothing to eat and are far from their homes."

"I cannot send them away hungry," said Jesus. "We will give them something to eat."

"How can we do so?" asked Philip, one of Jesus' helpers. "It would take a great deal of money to buy even a little food for each one of this large number."

The little boy was standing near. He heard what Philip said. He went up to Jesus and held out his little basket. "Can you use my lunch?" he asked.

Jesus took it and thanked the little fellow. He opened the basket. There were five tiny loaves of bread, no bigger than our crackers, and two little dried fish in it.

"Ask the people to sit down," said Jesus.

The little boy watched the people as they sat down on the green grass. Oh, how many there were! They were dressed in bright colours. They looked like beds of flowers. When all were seated he saw Jesus take his lunch and, looking up to heaven, ask God to bless the food.

And, as the boy watched, Jesus broke the bread and fish and gave some of the pieces to his disciples, when they came up with baskets. There was enough to fill all the baskets. The little boy saw the disciples pass the food to the people. When the baskets were empty they came back for more.

The little boy could not understand how it was, for he knew there had been only five little loaves and two small fishes at first and yet Jesus had more to give his helpers.

The people were hungry. They ate a great deal. The disciples passed the food again and again. Each time they came back to Jesus he had more to give them.

At last every one had all that he could eat. Not a man or woman or child in all that large number was hungry. The little boy had eaten all that he wished, too.

Then Jesus said, "Gather up that which is left, so that nothing shall be wasted."

The little boy saw the disciples go once more among the people and pick up the broken pieces of bread and fish. They filled twelve baskets.

full of these pieces. Then the people started for home.

"How good Jesus was to give us food!" said one.

"How wonderful that there was enough for all!" said another.

The little boy ran along by Timothy's side. "I wish that mother had been there," he said. "Wasn't it good that she gave me a lunch? Just think, Timothy, it was *my* lunch that Jesus used! I am so glad I could help him."

Oh, how eager he was to get back! He wanted to tell his mother all about what he had seen. He found her at the door waiting for him.

"Have you had a happy day?" she asked.

"O mother, I wish you had been there," he said. "Jesus is so beautiful. He has such a kind face. And, mother, what do you think? There were crowds and crowds of people and he fed them all with my lunch!"

"Why, dear, what do you mean?" asked his mother.

Then the little boy told her all about it. "I'm so glad I could help Jesus," he said. "Won't you go with me to-morrow to see him, mother?"

"Yes, dear," she answered. "We will go together to see Jesus."

XXVII

PETER AND JOHN AND THE LAME MAN

THERE was once a lame man in a country far from here. When he was a little child he could neither walk nor run. He could not jump or skip or dance about merrily as other children did. He had to be carried by some one whenever he moved from place to place.

As he grew older he still had to be carried. He was poor, but he could not work to earn money to buy food and clothes. All he could do was to beg. I think that he did not like to do this. I do not believe that any one likes to be a beggar. But there was no other way, for this man to get any money.

Each morning he was carried to a place where he stayed alone all day, begging of the people who passed. Then at night he was carried back again to the poor home where he lived.

Every day he told his friends who carried him to take him to the temple, or church, where the people went to pray to God and to praise him. "Perhaps, as they go to pray," said the lame man, "the people will be kind to me and give me something."

The temple had many beautiful gates. One of them was high and made of shining bronze. Because it was more beautiful than the others it was always called the Beautiful Gate. To this gate his friends carried the lame man each morning.

As he sat near it he watched the faces of the people who went into the temple. If any looked kind he held out his hand and said: "Please help me; I am lame and cannot work. I have no money to buy food. Please give me some money. Oh, pity and help me."

Sometimes some one stopped and gave the lame man a small piece of money, but most of the people went through the gate and did not notice the poor beggar. All the morning he sat there and he was given very little money.

At noon he ate a piece of bread which he had brought with him and then again he held out his hand and begged the passers-by to help him. When night came his friends carried him back to his home.

One day there came toward him two men. Their names were Peter and John, and they had been two of Jesus' friends and helpers. Now Jesus had gone back to heaven, and Peter and John were trying to be kind and loving, and to help people, as Jesus had done.

As they came near, the lame man called out: "Please help me. I am lame and cannot work.

I have no money to buy food. Please give me some money."

Peter and John stopped and looked kindly at the lame man. Then Peter said, "Look at us."

Oh, how eagerly the lame man looked at them! "They are kind men," he thought. "They will help me by giving me some money."

Then Peter said, "I have no money."

How disappointed the beggar was! "I was sure that he was going to give me some money," he thought.

But Peter said: "I have no money, but I will give you what I have to give. In the name of Jesus Christ walk."

"Why, I cannot walk," thought the lame man. "I have never walked in all my life. Doesn't this man see that I am lame?"

Peter leaned over and, taking the right hand of the beggar in his, lifted him up. And then, what a wonder! The poor man, who had always been lame, found that he could stand on his feet. He took a step. Yes, he could walk! He went faster and faster. He could even run! He leaped into the air. He could jump as well as run.

How wonderful it was! He could hardly believe that it was really he who was walking and running. He turned to thank Peter for helping him, and he saw that Peter and John were entering the temple. "I, too, will go in and

thank and praise God for making me well," he said.

Many people had seen the lame man sitting near the Beautiful Gate. Now they saw him walking and leaping. They were very much astonished. "How was he made well?" they asked.

Then Peter said, "Jesus Christ has made this man strong and well."

Don't you think that the lame man loved Jesus after that and tried to please him?

XXVIII

LITTLE LUCY'S NARROW ESCAPE

LET'S go and play in our cave," said Donald.

"Yes, let's," answered Stuart.

"Me go, too. Lucy wants to go, too," said their little sister.

"No, Lucy, you can't go. You're only a little girl and you can't play boys' games," replied Donald.

Off went the boys as fast as they could run, never once looking behind them. They crossed the fields which lay beyond their home. Then they came to a brook.

"How deep the water is!" said Stuart.

They crossed the little plank bridge and soon came to the woods. Here they had built a cave from earth and boughs of trees, in which they had fine plays.

To-day they were Indians, shooting make-believe deer with their bows and arrows, going on the war path against other make-believe Indians and returning for a noisy war dance. As they played, they never once thought of the little sister whom they had left behind.

But when they ran away little three year old Lucy said again: "Me go, too. Lucy wants to play wiv bruvers."

She started to follow the boys, but the fields were rough, and again and again she stumbled and fell. "Donny, Too Too," she called, but the boys did not hear her.

The poor little girl was crying now, but on she went. She came to the bridge and started to cross. Tears were in her eyes as she walked, so she went too near the edge. She stumbled, and fell into the water. Mother was too far away to hear her cry, and the boys had already reached their cave.

But Bruno, the big, black, Newfoundland dog, came bounding across the fields to help her. He leaped into the water and caught the little girl's dress in his mouth. He swam with her to the bank. How cold and wet she was!

Across the fields she went, good Bruno close beside her. As they came near the house the dog ran ahead and his barking soon brought mother to the door.

"O my darling, what has happened?" she cried, as she ran to the dripping little girl and gathered her close in her arms.

"Lucy fell in water," sobbed the child. "Boono came."

"Bruno, good fellow," said mother, "did you save my little girl?"

Mother patted the dog's shaggy head, and

then she carried little Lucy into the house. She undressed her quickly and tucked her up warmly in bed, giving her something hot to drink. But the fright and cold brought on a high fever and mother had to send for the doctor.

All the afternoon the boys played in their cave, but when the sun went down Donald said, "It's getting late: we'd better go home to supper."

Through the woods, over the bridge and across the fields ran the boys. As they came near the house they saw the doctor's buggy. "Why, who's sick?" said Stuart.

They ran into the house and were starting upstairs when mother came towards them with her finger on her lips. "Hush, boys," she said. "Lucy is ill."

"Lucy! Why, what's the matter?" asked Donald. "She was all right this afternoon."

"She fell into the brook," replied his mother. "I don't know how she came to be there, for she has never before gone so far alone. If it had not been for Bruno, who saved her and brought her home, she might have been drowned."

"O mother, it's our fault," said Donald. "She wanted to go with us and we wouldn't let her. We thought she'd be a bother, so we ran off, and she must have followed us."

"Will she get well?" asked Stuart.

"I hope so, dear," replied his mother. "We



"COME, AND PLAY WITH US, LUCY"

then she carried little Lucy into the house. She undressed her quickly and tucked her up warmly in bed, giving her something hot to drink. But the fright and cold brought on a high fever and mother had to send for the doctor.

All the afternoon the boys played in their cave, but when the sun went down Donald said, "It's getting late: we'd better go home to supper."

Through the woods, over the bridge and across the fields ran the boys. As they came near the house they saw the doctor's buggy. "Why, who's sick?" said Stuart.

They ran into the house and were starting upstairs when mother came towards them with her finger on her lips. "Hush, boys," she said. "Lucy is ill."

"Lucy! Why, what's the matter?" asked Donald. "She was all right this afternoon."

"She fell into the brook," replied his mother. "I don't know how she came to be there, for she has never before gone so far alone. If it had not been for Bruno, who saved her and brought her home, she might have been drowned."

"O mother, it's our fault," said Donald. "She wanted to go with us and we wouldn't let her. We thought she'd be a bother, so we ran off, and she must have followed us."

"Will she get well?" asked Stuart.

"I hope so, dear," replied his mother. "We



"COME, AND PLAY WITH US, LUCY"



will ask our heavenly Father to make her well."

"O mother, I'm so glad Bruno was near," said Donald. "I'll never be unkind to Lucy again."

"And I won't, either," said Stuart. "Whenever she wants to play with us, we'll let her."

The brothers were eager to do things for their little sister. They carried her meals up to her, and as she grew better they stayed with her and amused her.

One day, when she was well again, mother was holding her as Donald and Stuart came in.

They ran up to mother, and Stuart said: "O Lucy, we're going to play in our cave. Don't you want to go with us?"

"Yes," said the little girl, "me go wiv bruvvers."

"We'll look out for her, mother," said Donald. "You need not worry about her."

"I will not, boys," said mother. "I know that I can trust you to take good care of your little sister."

XXIX

HOW LITTLE ELSIE LEARNED TO OBEY

ONE summer a little girl named Elsie went with her father and mother to her grandpa's farm. How she enjoyed the big yard and all the animals! There were chickens and ducks, sheep and lambs, dear little calves, and little pink pigs with funny curly tails. Elsie loved to go with grandpa when he fed them.

Grandpa gave her a place for a garden, and she hoed the ground and planted the seeds. Then she watched for the flowers to grow.

"You must water your garden," said grandpa.

So Elsie carried her little watering pot out to the garden and sprinkled the earth, and at last she saw some little green shoots. "My flowers are growing," she said joyfully.

After a time flowers came on the green stems, red, yellow, pink, white and other colours. Each morning, when the sun shone upon them, the portulaca blossoms opened, and Elsie thought they were the very prettiest flowers she had ever seen.

But there were other interesting things on

grandpa's farm. There were many fruit trees, and near the house stood a beautiful apple tree.

"May I have an apple, grandpa?" asked Elsie, one morning.

"No, Elsie," he replied. "Don't pick any apples yet, for they are not ripe and they would hurt you."

A few days later Elsie was out in the yard alone and she looked up at the apple tree. Just over her head, where she could reach up and get it, there hung an apple. It was all yellow, and, yes, there were spots of red on it.

"That apple must be ripe," thought Elsie. "Grandpa doesn't know how ripe it is. I'm sure that he won't mind if I take that one."

She reached up, picked it and began to eat it. Just then she saw grandpa come out of the house, but instead of running to meet him, she went behind the tree.

"Elsie," he called, "do you want to go to the pond with me to see the ducks?"

Slowly the little girl came toward him and, seeing how ashamed she looked, grandpa asked, "Did you take an apple, Elsie?"

"Yes, I did, grandpa," she answered. "I thought one of them was ripe and you wouldn't mind."

Grandpa took her hand and led her into the house to her mother. "I am very sorry to tell you," he said, "that Elsie did not obey me, so I have brought her to you."

Mother took Elsie in her arms. "I am so sorry that you did not mind grandpa," she said.

"I am, too, mother," said Elsie. "The apple wasn't ripe, as grandpa said: it tasted very sour."

"I must punish you, my little girl," said her mother, "so that next time you will remember to do just as you are told. To-day you cannot have any dessert."

At dinner time, after Elsie had eaten her meat and vegetables, Bridget brought in a snow pudding. Oh, how good it looked! Elsie, slipping from her chair, went to her mother and whispered: "O mother, this is the pudding I like best of all. Mayn't I have some?"

"No, dear," replied her mother. "You chose an apple instead of the pudding to-day."

Elsie knew that there was no use in teasing, but after that she tried hard to remember to do as she was told.

Father went home after a few weeks, but Elsie and her mother stayed all summer and had such a happy visit. When the fall came they, too, went back to their home. Elsie missed the farm, and grandpa and grandma, and all the animals, but it was very nice to be with father again.

Elsie's home was in the city and there was no pretty yard in which to play, but not far away was a beautiful park where mother often took her.

Sometimes father came home early and went with them. He would take Elsie for a ride in the swan boat, on the little lake, and this was great fun. It looked as if the big swan at the back pushed the boat, but father said that the man, who sat behind the swan, really made it go.

'Twas such a pretty lake with islands where many birds had their homes. There were real swans and ducks floating on the water.

One morning Elsie's mother said to her: "I must go down town to-day and I don't know just when I can get home. Mollie will bring you back from kindergarten, but after that she will be busy, so I want you to stay in the house until I return."

"Yes, mother," said Elsie, "I will."

When Elsie came from kindergarten she had her luncheon and then, as she was playing with her dolls, the bell rang and there was her little friend Dorothy. "Come over to the park, Elsie," she said. "Mother is going to take me, and she said I might ask you to go, too."

"No, I can't go," said Elsie. "Mother told me to stay at home."

"Oh, she didn't know that I would come for you," said her little friend. "She wouldn't mind, I know, and mother will take us to ride in the swan boat."

Elsie wanted to go ever so much, but she

said, "No, Dorothy, mother said I must not go out."

A little while after Dorothy had gone Elsie heard a horse come trotting up the street and stop at the house. She ran to the window, and there were father and mother in a buggy.

"Come, little girl," said father as he came up the steps. "Get your things on and we'll have a nice drive."

Such a happy time as Elsie had, for she loved to drive almost better than anything else. "O mother," she said, "I'm so glad I minded you and didn't go with Dorothy."

"So am I, dear," replied her mother, "for it would have made both father and mother sad to have had you miss this drive."

XXX

THE BABY ROBINS

BACK and forth flew the robins, building their nest on a shelf under the eaves of the barn. Some one had put up this shelf outside the barn and another shelf inside for the pigeons that once lived here.

A little hole had been bored through the side of the barn from shelf to shelf, so that the birds could go back and forth. But now all the pigeons had flown away and the robins thought that this place would make a nice home for them, as the roof would shelter it from storms.

They brought sticks and straws and a few stalks of plants and made the loose nest. Then they carried little pellets, or balls, of mud in their bills and with these they plastered the nest on the inside, making it smooth and firm. Next they brought fine grasses and hairs to make it soft.

Then the mother bird laid four eggs. They were a lovely greenish blue, and she thought that they were the prettiest eggs that were ever seen. Now for many days she sat over them, keeping them warm beneath her soft breast.

The father bird flew back and forth, bringing her bugs or worms for her breakfast or lunch. Then, sitting near, he sang his sweetest songs to keep her from getting tired and lonely.

"Cheerily-cheerup, cheerily-cheerup," he sang in the morning. "The eggs will break some day and then we shall have dear baby birds in the soft little nest. Be patient, mother bird."

And at night he sang: "Good-night, good-night. I love you, I love you. Sleep sweet, sleep sweet."

After the mother bird had sat patiently, day after day, at last something happened in the nest. One of the pretty blue eggs cracked and a baby bird poked out its head. Then another egg broke and another and another, until there were four baby birds in the soft little nest.

Oh, how hard the father and mother bird had to work now! The babies seemed to be all mouths and these mouths were never filled. The yellow bills were always wide open and the babies kept crying, "More, more, more," no matter how much food was given them.

Back and forth flew the mother and father birds, back and forth all day long, bringing fat grubs and worms to their hungry birdlings. When night came and the wide-opened mouths were closed and the babies asleep, the tired mother and father were glad to tuck their heads under their wings and rest, too.

One day, when the birdlings were a little older, the mother and father birds flew away. "Be very good, children," said the mother, before she left them, "and don't leave the nest until we return."

They had not been gone very long when one of the birdlings said: "It's crowded in this nest. I'm going to see what's outside."

"Mother told us not to leave the nest," said another.

"Well, I won't leave it," said the first little bird. "I'll just stand on the edge and look about. We can't see anything inside here."

Slowly he climbed out on the edge and looked about. Close to the nest he saw the little round hole through which the pigeons used to enter the barn. "I'm going to see what's in this funny place," said the baby robin.

"O brother, mother said not to leave the nest," called the others.

But the little robin did not answer. He was already inside the barn on the other shelf. The little birds in the nest could hear him chirping.

"I'm going to climb on the edge and see where he has gone," said a little sister.

"But mother said——"

"Oh, never mind, she won't care, if I don't leave the nest."

Up she climbed and when she, too, saw the hole she hopped on to the shelf and crawled through to join her brother.

"Isn't it fine in here?" he asked.

" 'Tis much nicer than the nest," said the little sister.

As they were talking, through the hole came the third little bird. Now the fourth one said, "Oh, I can't stay in the nest all alone!"

He heard his brother and sisters calling: "Come in here. 'Tis such a nice place."

Up he climbed to the edge of the nest, jumped on to the shelf and crawled through the hole. "Don't you like it here?" asked the others.

"Yes," replied the fourth little bird, "but what will mother say?"

Just then back came the mother bird. Oh, how frightened she was when she saw the empty nest! She thought that some cat or big bird had carried her babies away. "My birdlings, my birdlings," she called, "where are you?"

"Peep, peep, here we are," cried four little voices.

The mother bird looked around. She couldn't see a single bird. "Where are you?" she asked again.

"We came through the hole," they answered.

Now she spied the pigeon hole and quickly she, too, crawled through it. "Isn't it nice in here, mother?" asked the babies.

"Oh, why did you leave the nest?" cried the mother. "How can we get out of here and where shall we find any food?"

She flew up against the window which was

over the shelf. The light came through the glass, but the mother bird found that she couldn't get out that way. Again and again she flew against the glass and the baby birds began to fly a little, too, doing just as their mother did.

The mother bird did not think of the pigeon hole. She knew no way to get out. All day she kept trying to get through the glass. All day the babies beat their little wings against it as she did. At night, hungry and tired, they all went to sleep.

The next morning the kind doctor, who lived in the house, came up for some hay. He heard the birds chirping and beating their wings against the window. He called his wife and the two young girls who were staying with them. "Come up and see what is in the pigeon house," he said.

Up the ladder climbed the people and there they found the four little birds and their mother. One little fellow was perched on a pigeon-roost, with his head tucked under his wing, too tired to move. When he heard the voices he poked his head out a moment, sleepily blinked at the people, and then tucked it once more under his wing.

"They will starve to death in here," said the kind doctor.

Very gently he caught the mother bird and put her through the pigeon hole. She flew about

excitedly outside, but in a moment one of her babies was gently pushed out by the doctor's wife. Then another and another were helped out. At last the sleepy little one followed the others.

The father bird had been flying about, looking everywhere for the mother and the little birds. As they came out of the hole how glad he was to see them! And the little birds were very glad to get back to the nice nest and to eat the good breakfast which their father and mother brought them.

"O mother, we'll do just what you tell us to do after this," said the baby birds.

"I hope that you will, my birdlings," said the mother, "for I am sure that it is much better to be able to fly about in this beautiful world than to be shut up in a small place like that." *

* This story is founded upon fact.

XXXI

THE BABY ACORN

HOW snugly the little brown acorn lay in its cunning cradle! When the gentle breezes blew it was rocked up and down on the mother tree.

“Rock-a-bye, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock.”

“Mother, shall I always stay with you?” whispered the baby acorn.

“No, my little one,” said the mother, “some day you will leave me and go away, for there is other work for you to do.”

“O mother, I don’t want to go away. I want to stay with you always,” said the baby, beginning to cry.

“Hush, my little one,” said the big mother tree, “do not cry. There is a beautiful new life before you, and work that you will like to do. Listen and I will whisper to you what this work is. Some day you will be a tree like me.

“Wouldn’t you like to grow straight and tall

as I am? Wouldn't you like to have the birds sing among your leaves and build their nests on your branches? Wouldn't you like to make a cool shadow with your leaves, so that tired people could rest under you?"

"Oh, yes, mother, I should be so glad to be like you and to do all these things," answered the little acorn.

"Well then, little one, don't be troubled because you must leave me," said the mother tree, "for a beautiful new life will be yours."

The baby acorn cried no more. It rocked in its cradle and was happy, for it thought of all the work it was to do in the new life which it was to have.

One day a great wind blew and suddenly the little twig, to which the cradle was fastened, broke. Down fell the cradle and the acorn baby—down, down, until they reached the ground.

"When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
And down will come baby, cradle and all."

The baby slipped out of its cradle, as it fell, and at first it was frightened. But then it thought: "I must get ready to do my work. I wonder how I shall know what I am to do?"

For several days it lay on the ground, and the leaves fell and covered it. Then one day the rain came and moistened the earth, and the

little brown baby slipped down lower and lower. 'Twas quite dark, but oh, how soft and warm it was!

"I like this new little bed," said the little brown baby.

But it did not speak again, for it was soon fast asleep. It did not know that over the brown leaves there came a soft warm blanket of snow. All winter the acorn baby slept soundly.

In the spring there came the "tap, tap" of the raindrops. "What is that?" asked the little acorn, rubbing its eyes. "I must go and see."

But as it moved, *crack* went its little brown dress. "Oh, dear, what shall I do!" it cried. "I must go up where it is light and see what I can wear instead of this brown dress."

Up it pushed and lo! it found that it had a slender stem on which soon came pretty little green leaves. It was an acorn baby no longer; instead, it was a tiny oak tree.

"This is my new life," said the baby tree. "Now I can grow tall like my mother, and have beautiful work to do."

And the little oak tree was very happy.

XXXII

A SPRING WALK

THEY were all sitting at the breakfast table one Sunday morning in the spring. There were father and mother, Roland, who was eight years old, Gladys, who was six, and little three year old Stella.

"What would you like to do this afternoon, children?" asked father.

Sunday was always the children's day. They had father all to themselves in the afternoon, and mother, too, helped to give them a pleasant time.

"We'd like to go to walk with you, father," said Roland. "It is such a bright day."

"And when we come back you'll tell us a story, won't you, mother?" said Gladys. "I just love stories."

"Tell me tory," said little Stella.

"I think that is a nice plan," said father. "Will you go with us to walk, mother?"

"No, I think that I will rest while you walk and then I shall be glad to hear about all that you have seen, when you return," said mother.

After breakfast they each said a verse from

the Bible. Roland's verse was, "I will give thee thanks with my whole heart." Gladys said, "Let us love one another," and mother helped little Stella to say, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

"Shall we sing the song of which Stella's verse makes us think?" asked father.

"Yes, father, 'I Think When I Read that Sweet Story,' " said Gladys.

Even little Stella could sing part of this song and they all liked it. Then they knelt down and father thanked God for the beautiful Sunday which he had sent and asked him to help them please him all day long. Then the children said this little prayer with father:

"For our restful sleep at night,
For the rain and sunshine bright,
For the food which thou dost send,
For our homes, and for each friend;
For thy love and tender care,
For thy goodness everywhere,
We thank thee, heavenly Father." *

Roland went to church with father and mother, and Gladys and Stella went to Sunday school. After dinner Gladys asked, "Now will you take us to walk, father?"

"Yes," father answered, "and we will see how many things we can find about which to tell mother."

"I shall be very glad to hear about them," said mother, as she kissed them good-bye.

* By Laura Ella Cragin.

"Where shall we go, father?" asked Roland, as they left the house.

"We will take the car and go out in the country," answered father.

It was a pleasant day and the children saw many interesting things from the windows, as they rode along. At last they left the car and walked down a very pretty road.

"Now see how many new things you can find," said father.

The children kept both eyes and ears open and soon Gladys said, "I hear a bird."

Father had brought his field glasses and they soon found the bluebird that was singing so sweetly. "I see bird," said little Stella, pointing to a fat robin that was singing his "cheerily-cheerup, cheerily-cheerup."

"What a happy song he has!" said father. "I am glad that our heavenly Father has sent the birds back to us."

"O father, here's a cocoon," said Gladys.

"That's a great find," said father. "We'll take it home carefully and watch the butterfly come out."

Now father turned off the road and went into the woods. He and the children hunted among the dried leaves. "Oh, here are some hepaticas," said Roland.

Sure enough, there were the dear little flowers. Some were pale pink, and others had

white blossoms with delicate purple lines across them.

"I think that we can take up the roots, children," said father, "and then they will bloom for us at home."

Carefully he dug up the plants and put them in a paper which he had brought with him. "O father, here are some violets," said Gladys, pointing to the little purple flowers.

"See funny fower," said little Stella.

"That's a skunk cabbage," said father. "The first flower that comes in the spring."

"And here's a Jack-in-the-pulpit," said Roland.

Soon the children's hands were filled with lovely spring flowers. "I'm glad God sends the flowers," said Gladys.

As they went home they saw how pretty the trees looked with their delicate spring dresses. Some of the new leaves were pink or red, but most of them were delicate green.

As father and the children came to the town where they lived, the children pointed out the flowers of many pretty colours which were growing in the gardens. They saw a bird with a bit of string in his mouth. "O father, I believe he is building a nest," said Gladys.

"I think he is," answered father, "and after a time there will be some baby birds."

Mother met them at the door, as they reached

their home. "See! see!" cried little Stella, hold up her flowers.

"Oh, how pretty," said mother. "Where did you get them?"

Then they told her of the flowers in the gardens, and of the car ride, and of the woods where they had heard the birds singing and had found so many wild flowers.

"When you have taken your things off," said mother, "you may look at the flowers under the glass, and then we will put them in water."

The children quickly put away their wraps, while mother brought the little microscope. As, one by one, they looked through this at an hepatica, a violet, and at other flowers they exclaimed with delight.

"O mother, just see what a pretty centre the violet has," said Gladys.

"Father, look at the curious marks on the hood of this skunk cabbage and the funny little flowers under the hood," said Roland.

"What a queer fuzzy stem the hepatica has," said Gladys.

"I think that this Jack that I found is the queerest of all," said Roland.

"Me want to see dack," said little Stella.

Roland put the glass to her eye and the little girl said, "Pitty, pitty."

"How beautiful God has made all the flowers," said mother.

"Mother, now won't you tell us a story?"

asked Gladys, when all the flowers had been seen through the microscope.

"Yes," said mother, as she took Stella on her lap, and the other children found seats near her.

"It was early one spring," she began. "The trees were bare, the grass was brown, no flowers could be seen and no birds were singing. But down south some bluebirds were thinking of their summer home. 'Isn't it time to go back?' asked one.

"Yes, let us start," said another.

"They flew and flew and flew, and at last they reached their summer home. 'It is cold,' said one of the bluebirds.

"But we will sing," said another, 'and it will soon be warmer.'

"There's the bluebird's song," said the mother tree. 'I must tell the baby buds to take off their brown waterproof coats and put on their green dresses.'

"She sent word out through the branches to the baby buds. The sunbeams helped to take her message. They shone warmly down. 'Wake up, baby buds,' they said.

"The raindrops pattered down. 'Wake up, baby buds,' they, too, said. 'The robins and bluebirds are here.'

"Then the baby buds shook off their waterproof coats. Their green dresses grew larger

and larger. They danced merrily on the branches.

"While they were busy getting ready the raindrops and sunbeams wakened the seeds in the garden and up came the flowers—crocuses, tulips, hyacinths and others. In the woods the skunk cabbage wakened. What other flowers came, children?"

"Violets," said Gladys.

"Jack-in-the-pulpit," said Roland.

"Yes," said mother, "and many others. The farmers had ploughed their fields and planted their seed, and now the wheat and corn and barley began to grow.

"It was our heavenly Father who told the birds to come back. He sent the sun and the rain to make the grain grow so that people might have food. He made the flowers bloom so that the world might be beautiful.

"He loves us and gives us the springtime when 'the flowers appear on the earth,' and 'the time of the singing of birds is come.'"

"I like the springtime best of all," said Gladys.

XXXIII

THE EASTER LILIES

ONCE upon a time there were three little girls who lived in the country. Two of them were twins and their names were really Katherine and Caroline, but because they loved flowers so much their father and mother always called them Daisy and Pansy. Then there was a younger sister named Rose.

All through the long summer the three little girls lived out of doors, only coming into the house to eat and to sleep. What fine plays they had in the meadow! They made daisy chains, and wove wreaths and garlands of other flowers, and played that they were queens and princesses and fairies.

They had their own little gardens, too, which they watered and weeded with great care. Little Rose wasn't old enough to do much work in her garden, so Daisy and Pansy took care of it for her.

The little girls loved the flowers that grew in their gardens—portulacas, lilies of the valley, pansies, forget-me-nots and others, even more than the wild flowers, because they took

such loving care of them. They could not bear to have them wither. "O mother, the tiny lilies are dying," they said, when the lilies of the valley faded.

"Never mind, little girls," their mother said, "another year you will have them again. The seeds are planted and the flowers will come up next spring."

As the fall came, the flowers, one after another, drooped and died and the little girls missed them very much. The birds, too, that they loved, flew away south. The children did not want to stay out of doors so much now, so mother found new games for them to play in the house. But, though they liked these, they still missed their little flower friends.

One day in November father came home with a package. "See here, little girls," he called. "Look what father has brought you."

Eagerly they opened the package, but when they saw the queer little, ugly, brown things that were inside, they were disappointed. "What are they, father?" they asked.

"They are lily bulbs," said father, "and if you take good care of them they will be lilies some day. Father bought them for his little flower girls who miss their friends, the flowers, so much. I will show you how to plant them."

He found three flower pots and put a bulb in each one, covering it with soft black earth. Then he put some straw over the top to keep

the light away. "After two weeks," he said, "we will take the straw away and then I think that you will find something has happened."

"Oh, thank you, father," said the little girls, and Pansy added, "It will be such fun to have lilies of our very own."

The children found it hard to wait for two weeks. "Isn't the time up?" one of them would ask their father each morning.

At last he said, "Now let us take the straw away."

When they did this they found a tiny green shoot in each pot. "Your lilies are beginning to grow," said father. "Put them in the sunshine, water them carefully, and when Easter comes in the spring, I think that they will have some beautiful white blossoms."

The little girls carefully watched their lilies, as they grew taller and taller, and as long, slender, green leaves came out on the stalks. They loved their plants and never forgot to water them.

One morning in March Daisy found something besides leaves on her lily. "O Pansy, look, look!" she cried. "My lily is going to bloom. Father, mother, come and see!" she called eagerly.

"Yes, dear," said her mother, "that is a bud, and after a few days it will open."

"I wish mine, too, would bloom," said Pansy.

"Rose wants fower," said little Rose.

"I think that buds will come on the other plants soon," said father.

Before Daisy's bud opened a bud did come on Pansy's plant and soon there was one on Rose's, also. Oh, how happy the little girls were!

Soon the buds opened and the children thought that they had never seen anything so beautiful as the blossoms. They were as white as snow and their hearts were gold like the sunshine. Their sweet fragrance filled the room.

Other buds came until each plant had a number of blossoms. Little Rose often stood by her plant, looking into the white flowers or softly touching the buds.

"O mother," said Daisy, "can't I take mine to Sunday school next Sunday? 'Tis Easter, you know, and I want the children to see it."

"I want to take mine, too," said Pansy. "I know the children would like to see it, and it is so sweet they will like to smell it, too. May we take them, mother?"

"Rose wants to take lily," said the little girl.

"Yes, children," replied mother. "I think that is a very nice plan."

So the next Sunday the sweet perfume of the lovely lilies mingled with the voices of the children, as they sang praise to our heavenly Father in this song:



THE EASTER LILY

"I think that buds will come on the other plants soon," said father.

Before Daisy's bud opened a bud did come on Pansy's plant and soon there was one on Rose's, also. Oh, how happy the little girls were!

Soon the buds opened and the children thought that they had never seen anything so beautiful as the blossoms. They were as white as snow and their hearts were gold like the sunshine. Their sweet fragrance filled the room.

Other buds came until each plant had a number of blossoms. Little Rose often stood by her plant, looking into the white flowers or softly touching the buds.

"O mother," said Daisy, "can't I take mine to Sunday school next Sunday? 'Tis Easter, you know, and I want the children to see it."

"I want to take mine, too," said Pansy. "I know the children would like to see it, and it is so sweet they will like to smell it, too. May we take them, mother?"

"Rose wants to take lily," said the little girl.

"Yes, children," replied mother. "I think that is a very nice plan."

So the next Sunday the sweet perfume of the lovely lilies mingled with the voices of the children, as they sang praise to our heavenly Father in this song:



THE EASTER LILY



"Beautiful Easter morning,
Welcome again to earth,
Come with your showers,
Waking the flowers,
Giving the world new birth.

Chorus

"Ring, ring, ring, O bells of Easter,
Bells repeat the glad refrain,
Sing, sing, sing, your hallelujahs,
Christ is ris'n and lives again.

"Beautiful Easter morning,
Birds coming home to nest,
Singing the story,
Wonderful glory,
Earth shall again be blessed.

Chorus

"Beautiful Easter morning,
Blue in the skies above,
Brooks gently flowing,
Soft breezes blowing,
Telling us God is love." *

Chorus

* "Beautiful Easter Morning," by P. W. Blackmer, is used by his permission. It is published by him in leaflet form.

XXXIV

HUGH'S AND MARJORIE'S THANKSGIVING

IT was two days before Thanksgiving and the rain was falling. Hugh stood at the window and said: "Oh, I wish it would snow. Then when the cousins come we can have a ride in the sleigh and can play with our sleds."

His wish came true, for, in the night, the rain changed to snow. The feathery snowflakes clung to every bush and tree. They covered the ground with a soft white blanket, making the whole world look like fairyland.

When mother went into the children's room to kiss them awake, she said: "Wake up, dears. See what a beautiful surprise our heavenly Father has sent you!"

The children sprang out of bed and ran to the windows. "Snow! Snow!" they cried gleefully. "The cousins are coming to-day. Won't they be glad!"

Mother started a little snow song and the children sang it with her:

"This is the way the snow comes down,
Softly, softly falling,
So God giveth his snow like wool,

Fair and white and beautiful.
This is the way the snow comes down,
Softly, softly falling." *

After breakfast the big sleigh was hitched up and father drove to the station. Soon the train pulled in and there were Uncle Frank and Aunt Louise, and their three little girls, Faith, Barbara and Edith. They had come a long way from their home in the South to spend Thanksgiving with grandfather and grandmother, in Maine.

Hugh's and Marjorie's home was next door to grandfather's house, so the little cousins could be together all the time. When the sleigh brought the travellers to the door, what a warm welcome they had!

Then all the children went out of doors and such fun as they had, making snowballs and coasting down the hills! In the South, where the cousins lived, they never had snow, so it was great fun to have it now.

When at last they came into the house mother taught them all a Thanksgiving song to sing the next day, as a surprise for grandfather and grandmother. After they had played games in the evening, five tired but happy little children went to bed.

* From "Weather Song," by Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. Found in "Songs and Games for Little Ones," by Gertrude Walker and Harriet S. Jenks. Used by permission of The John Church Company, owners of the copyright.

On Thanksgiving morning the children ran to the window. "Goody, goody, the snow didn't melt!" said Hugh.

"I'm so glad," said Marjorie.

"Whenever you are glad to-day, remember to say 'thank you,'" said mother, coming in to kiss the children. "Would you like to learn a 'thank you' verse? It is, 'I will give thee thanks with my whole heart.'"

"We'll say it first for the snow," said Hugh. At breakfast they all prayed together:

"Father, as our heads we bow,
Bless this food, we pray thee now.
By thy hand must all be fed,
Thank thee for our daily bread." *

Then Marjorie said, "We 'specially want to say 'thank you' to our heavenly Father to-day, don't we, father?"

"Yes," said father, "because it is our 'thank you' day."

The big people and all the children, too, drove to church in the large sleigh. Then came dinner at grandfather's house, and such a delicious dinner as grandmother gave them! After dinner the children went out for another romp in the snow.

When they came in Hugh said, "Tell us a story, mother, please."

"Oh, do, do," cried the others.

* Adapted by Laura Ella Cragin.

“Find some seats,” said mother, “and I’ll tell you a Thanksgiving story.”

The five children gathered about her and mother began: “In a country far from here, every night, when the sun went down, a sweet bell rang from the church. Then all the people stopped their work and, bowing their heads, they thanked God.

“One day, in a little town in that country, a father and mother were working out in the field when the Angelus rang. (The Angelus was the bell that rang at sunset.) The father had been digging potatoes and the mother had been putting them into bags.

“As the bell rang the father took off his hat and bowed his head. He thanked God for the sunshine and rain which had made the potatoes grow. He thanked God because he was strong and well and could work for his wife and children.

“The mother bent her head and clasped her hands, as she thanked God for her dear husband and her little children. She thanked him for giving them their food and clothes and home.

“Just as the bell rang that evening a great painter, named Millet, came to the field. He saw the beautiful colors in the sky, as the sun went down. He saw the brown field. He saw the far-away spire of the little church, from which the music of the Angelus bell came.

"He saw the father and mother stop their work and bow their heads, as they thanked God. He saw the wheelbarrow on which were the bags of potatoes that they had been digging. He went back to his home and painted all that he had seen. As he painted he thought, 'When people see my picture, I hope that they, too, will stop and thank God.'

"Here is the picture, children, which Millet painted," said mother, as she finished the story.

The children found the father and mother, the wheelbarrow and the little church spire. Then mother said to grandfather and grandmother, "The children have a surprise for you."

And while the big people listened, the children sang:

"Let us thank our Father,
Little children dear,
For the gifts he sends us,
Through the happy year;
For the fruits all gathered,
And the golden grain,
We will praise and love him,
Thank him once again." *

* By Laura Ella Cragin.

XXXV

SALLIE'S COOKIES

ONCE there was a little girl whose name was Sarah, but every one called her Sallie. She lived in a big house out in the country which had a large yard where she used to play. She had many pets—rabbits and chickens, cats and dogs.

But the pet she liked best of all was a little black pony which her father had given her. His name was Jocko and he was gentle and kind. He drew the little cart in which Sallie rode and he trotted along quite fast.

Sallie took her little friends to ride and they had happy times together. She often drove her father to the station where he took his train, and sometimes she met him when he came home at night.

One day, when the little girl came back from a ride, mother said, "Sallie, to-morrow is father's birthday."

"O mother, I want to give him a nice present," said Sallie. "I love him so much and he gave me my pony and so many things."

"What would you like to give him?" asked her mother.

"I wish I could make something for him all myself," said Sallie. "Oh, I know. I'll make some cookies, if you will show me how."

"That will be very nice," said mother. "I'm sure that father will be pleased with some cookies that you have made. But if you want to do it all yourself, you'd better go to the store and buy some flour."

So Sallie drove her little black pony to the store. "I want to buy some flour," she said to the grocer, "to make my father some cookies. To-morrow is his birthday and I want to give him something I've made all myself."

"Well, if you want to do it all yourself," said the grocer, "you'd better go to the miller and buy your flour, for I get it from him."

So Sallie drove Jocko to the mill. "Please give me some flour," she said to the miller, "for I want to make my father some cookies. To-morrow is his birthday and I want to give him something I've made all myself."

"Well," said the miller, "if you want to do it all yourself, you'd better go to the farmer and ask him for some wheat, for I couldn't make flour without wheat."

So Sallie drove on to the farmer and said to him: "Please, Mr. Farmer, will you give me some wheat. Then the miller will grind it into flour and I can make my father some cookies. He has a birthday to-morrow and I want to give him something I've made all myself."

"Well, I can give you the wheat," said the farmer, "but neither you nor I alone can make the wheat. I plough the field and scatter the seed, but if the sun did not shine and the rain did not fall, the seed would not grow."

The farmer gave Sallie some wheat and she paid him for it. Then she put it in her little cart and drove to the mill. There the miller ground the wheat into flour and Sallie paid him for his work. Then she drove home and showed the flour to her mother.

The next day mother showed her how to mix the butter and sugar, and how to put in the flour and other things. Then Sallie rolled out the dough and cut out the cookies. She sprinkled sugar over them and put them in the oven to bake. When they were a nice light brown she took them out of the oven.

That night, when father had finished dinner, Sallie said, "I have a birthday surprise for you, father."

"What is it, my little girl?" asked her father.

"Shut your eyes," said Sallie, "and open your mouth."

When father did this Sallie put a piece of cooky in his mouth. "Now eat it, father," she said.

As father ate the cooky Sallie asked, "How do you like it, father? I made the cookies all myself. There are some more for you."

"Did you make them for me, Sallie? Why, that is a beautiful surprise! Taste them, mother, and see how good they are. Did you really make them all yourself, my little girl? I thank you very much."

"Well, father, I did all I could, but you'll have to thank other people, too. You must thank mother, for she showed me how to make them. Then you must thank the miller, for he ground the wheat into flour for me.

"Then you must thank the farmer, for he sold me the wheat. He ploughed the field and scattered the seed, and cut down the wheat when it was grown. And then you must thank our heavenly Father, for he sent the sunshine and the rain. So you see, father, I couldn't do it all myself."

"No, dear," said father, "we all help each other when we work, and our heavenly Father helps every one. He gives us many gifts."

"That is what our song says," said Sallie, "that we are learning for Thanksgiving Day. Shall I sing it for you, father?"

"I should like very much to hear it," said her father.

So Sallie sang:

"We plow the fields and scatter
The good seed o'er the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand.

"He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And sweet refreshing rain.

"All good gifts that surround us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then praise the Lord, O praise the Lord,
Give thanks for all his love." *

* From "Songs for Little Children," by Eleanor Smith.
Used by permission of Milton Bradley Company and
Thomas Charles Company, owners of the copyright.

XXXVI

A LITTLE BOY'S DREAM

ONE day Freddy waked up early in the morning and was very hungry. He thought, "I'll get dressed as fast as I can and go down and get something to eat."

He quickly put on his clothes and went downstairs, but there was no one there. "Perhaps I'm too early," he thought, "and Mary is still asleep. Well, I'll go into the pantry and get some bread and butter."

He opened the pantry door, but there wasn't anything there! Every shelf was quite bare. "Why, where is all the food?" said the little boy.

Then he thought, "I will go down in the cellar and find some apples." But when he reached the place where the barrels had been there wasn't one there. "Who can have taken them away?" said Freddy.

Now he remembered how good some milk would taste and he said, "Perhaps John is out in the barn and I'll ask him to give me a cup of milk when he milks the cow."

He went out to the barn, but he couldn't find

John. The moolly cow wasn't there either. "Where can she be?" said the little boy.

Back into the house he went and up to his mother's room. But no one was there. Now he began to cry. "Oh, I can't get along without anything to eat and drink, and without my mother and father," he sobbed. Then he called, "Mother! mother!"

"Yes, dear little son, what is it?" said his mother's voice.

The little boy rubbed his eyes and looked around and where do you think he was? Right in his warm little bed, and his dear mother was bending over him. "Why, darling, what is the matter?" she asked.

"O mother, I thought you and father had gone away," said Freddy, "and I couldn't find you, and I couldn't find anything to eat or to drink."

"It was a dream, I think, dear, for mother is right here ready to take care of her own little son. Get up now and dress yourself, and you shall have a nice breakfast."

When the little boy came downstairs he ran out into the kitchen. "O Mary, I'm glad you are here getting breakfast," he said. Then he told her of his dream. He peeped into the pantry. "I'm glad these shelves aren't really empty, as I thought they were."

When he sat down to breakfast he bowed his head, as father thanked God for the food. Then

Freddy said, "I'm glad we have some food, father, and that the pantry shelves aren't bare and the apple barrels gone, as I dreamed."

"Yes, that would have been hard for all of us," said his father.

A nice rosy apple was on Freddy's plate and after he had eaten it, Mary brought him a dish of corn flakes. "I want to give some to Teddy, mother," said the little boy.

"Well, you may," said mother. "Mary will give you your bear."

When Mary had brought it Freddy fed Teddy. "He likes it, mother," said the little boy.

"Do you know where the corn flakes came from, little son?" asked his mother.

"No, mother," he answered.

"The farmer planted the seed in the spring," said mother, "and God sent the sunshine and the rain to help the corn to grow. In the fall the tall stalks were cut down.

"Then the miller ground the corn from which the flakes were made for my little boy's breakfast. So you see, dear, that we must thank the farmer and the miller and our heavenly Father."

"And moolly cow for the cream," said the little boy, as his mother poured it over his cornflakes.

"Yes, and our heavenly Father for making the grass grow, so that the cow should have her



FEEDING TEDDY

Freddy said, "I'm glad we have some food, father, and that the pantry shelves aren't bare and the apple barrels gone, as I dreamed."

"Yes, that would have been hard for all of us," said his father.

A nice rosy apple was on Freddy's plate and after he had eaten it, Mary brought him a dish of corn flakes. "I want to give some to Teddy, mother," said the little boy.

"Well, you may," said mother. "Mary will give you your bear."

When Mary had brought it Freddy fed Teddy. "He likes it, mother," said the little boy.

"Do you know where the corn flakes came from, little son?" asked his mother.

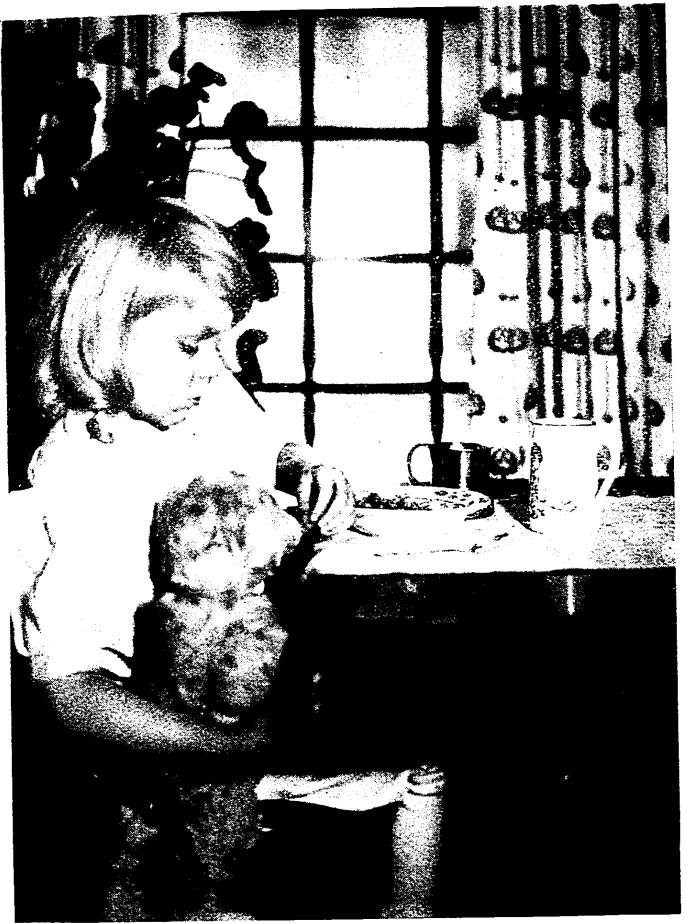
"No, mother," he answered.

"The farmer planted the seed in the spring," said mother, "and God sent the sunshine and the rain to help the corn to grow. In the fall the tall stalks were cut down.

"Then the miller ground the corn from which the flakes were made for my little boy's breakfast. So you see, dear, that we must thank the farmer and the miller and our heavenly Father."

"And moolly cow for the cream," said the little boy, as his mother poured it over his cornflakes.

"Yes, and our heavenly Father for making the grass grow, so that the cow should have her



FEEDING TEDDY

food, and who sent the rain, so that she should have water to drink."

"Mother, God takes care of moolly cow, just as he takes care of me, doesn't he?" said Freddy.

"Yes, God takes care of all the animals," replied his mother.

"Does he take care of everybody, of big people and children?" asked the little boy.

"Yes, dear, he takes care of every one. When father goes to work God takes care of him. When we all sleep at night God watches over us and keeps us safe. He gives us food and drink, clothes to wear and a nice home in which to live," said mother.

"I'm very glad God takes care of us," said the little boy. "He is very good to us, isn't he, mother?"

XXXVII

THE WIDOW'S MITE

THE mother was very poor. When the father died she did not know what to do. She knew that she must earn money to buy food for her little children and for herself. She went out to look for work. At last she found something to do. She worked hard all day and earned a little money.

Her little boy helped at home. He took care of his baby sister. He kept the little house clean. When his mother came home at night he said: "Rest now, dear mother. I know that you are tired. I will get supper."

The mother kissed her dear little boy. "What should I do without you?" she said. "You are a comfort to me, my dear little son."

When the dishes were cleared away and the baby was put to bed the mother told her little boy stories. She told him of Noah whom God kept safe in the ark when the rain came.

She told him of the baby Moses whose mother made him a cradle boat, and of the good princess whom God sent to find the baby. She told him of the people whom the wicked king tried

to take back to Egypt and of whom God took care by making a path through the sea for them.

"O mother," said the little boy, "how many people God took care of! Does he take care of us, too?"

"Yes, my little son," answered the mother. "When your father died I didn't know what I should do. But God helped me to find work so that I could buy food for us. Every day I have taken a little piece of the money I earned to the church and given it to God. I wanted to thank him for helping us."

"Does the money thank him?" asked the little boy.

"Yes, I think that it shows God that I am thankful. The money helps to keep the great church beautiful and that is God's house, you know."

"When I get bigger I want to give God something, mother," said the little boy.

"Well, I hope that you will do so, my boy," his mother answered. "Every time that you earn any money I hope that you will give some of it to God. But giving money isn't the only way to thank him, dear. God wants us to thank him in words. When you pray to him you can thank him, and when you sing our beautiful songs you can thank him, too."

"Then you can thank him by being loving to others. When you take care of baby sister

and do helpful things for mother, that is another way in which you can thank God for being so good to us."

The next morning the little boy dressed himself and then he dressed his baby sister. After this he helped his mother get the breakfast. Then his mother started away to her work.

When the little boy kissed her good-bye, he said: "I'm going to thank God all day because he gave me such a dear mother. I'll be just as good as I can be."

As the mother went to her work she said this little prayer in her heart, "Thank thee, God, for my dear little son and for my baby girl."

The mother worked hard all day. She was happy as she worked, for she kept thinking of her dear little boy who loved her and who was so good and helpful. As she came home at night she thought again of her little son. "I want to give something to God," she thought, "to show how much I thank him."

After she bought some food for their supper she had two pieces of money left. They were very small, worth less than one of our pennies. But they were all the money the mother had.

"I will give them to God," she said. "If I give him all the money I have he will know how much I thank him for my darling baby and for my precious little son who is such a comfort to me."

So the mother went to the beautiful church.

Some chests, or boxes, were there. Each of them looked something like a trumpet. Into them the people dropped the money they wished to give to God. Rich men gave many pieces of silver, others gave pieces of copper like our pennies.

One after another the people dropped in their money. The mother stepped quietly up to the box. She dropped in her two little pieces of money. She thought that no one saw her.

- But Jesus was standing near with some of his disciples. He had been talking to the people around him. He had been telling them beautiful stories. Then he told them that God wanted them to be more loving.

"You must love God," he said, "and you must love your neighbours" (that is, the people who live near you). "That is the way to please God."

Then for a while Jesus watched the people who brought gifts to God and put them in the box. He saw the rich people put in their silver pieces. He knew that they had much more money. They did not need that which they gave to God.

Then he saw the poor mother come and put in her two little pieces of money. Jesus was happy when he saw her gift. He called his disciples to him and said, "This poor woman has given more than all the others."

The disciples were surprised at Jesus' words.

They had seen how much the rich men gave and what little pieces of money the mother brought. But Jesus said, "The rich men have much more money than they gave, but this poor woman gave all that she had."

Jesus was glad that the mother had thanked God by bringing her gift to his church.

XXXVIII

MARY AND THE BABY JESUS

IN a small town called Nazareth there lived a little girl. Her name was Mary. She was a good child, gentle and loving. She was always ready to help her mother and the others in her home.

One of the ways in which she helped was to bring the water that was needed. There was no water in the house where she lived, so each day she went to the fountain and brought home a jar filled with water.

When Mary was a little girl her father and mother told her stories from the Bible, which she always liked to hear. As she grew older she herself read these stories from God's Book. She read that some day our heavenly Father would send a Child to the earth who would help all the world.

When Mary was a young woman she often thought about this Child and she wondered when he would come. One day an angel came to her and told her that God would send her a Baby, and that he would be the Child who

would help the world. Mary was so surprised to learn that this wonderful Child was to come to her.

She was very happy and, as she went about her work, she kept thinking of the dear Baby who was to come to her. And because her heart was so full of joy she sang a glad song, praising God for his goodness to her.

Some time after this Joseph, who was Mary's husband, had to take a long journey to a little town called Bethlehem. Mary went with him. She rode on a donkey, while Joseph walked by her side. As the roads were rough they had to go slowly. Mary was very tired when they reached Bethlehem and she wanted to rest.

But many other people had come to this little town and had filled it quite full. So when Joseph tried to get a room he could not find one. He went to the inn, or hotel, and then from house to house, but he could not find even a bed.

He was afraid that Mary would be ill if she stayed out of doors all night. So he went back to the inn and there the innkeeper said, "I am sorry that I have no bed to give you, but you may go out to the stable, if you choose. It will be warmer there than out of doors."

So Mary and Joseph went to the stable, where the cows and sheep were. Mary was glad to rest even on a bed of hay. In the night the Christ-child came to her and she was so happy

that she forgot how cold and tired she had been.

She wrapped her Baby in long bands of cloth, called swaddling clothes. She then laid him on the hay in the manger.

After a time Mary heard steps and, looking up, she saw some shepherds coming toward her. They wore heavy cloaks of fur. As they reached her they said: "Where is the Child? An angel told us that Christ is born. Then the whole sky was filled with other angels who sang of the joy that is come to the world."

"An angel told me, too, that my Baby would bring help to all the world," said Mary. "Here is the wonderful Child."

And she pointed to "the little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay."

The shepherds knelt down and worshipped him. Then they said, "We shall tell every one we meet that Christ, the Lord, is really born."

And with shining faces they went back to their sheep. Mary was very happy as she watched her little Child.

After a few days many of the people who had come to Bethlehem went back to their homes. Then Joseph found a house to which he could take Mary and the Baby. They were now more comfortable. Mary loved to watch the Baby Jesus as he lay in her arms and smiled up into her face.

One day she heard a noise in the street. She

looked out of the window and saw three tall, white camels stopping outside the house. The men who rode the camels made them kneel. Then they got off and came into the house. They looked so strange to Mary. She had never seen any men who looked just like them, or who were dressed as they were.

The men were very wise and had come from far-away lands to find the wonderful Child. As they came toward Mary they asked: "Where is the Child who is to do great things for the world? We saw his star in the east and are come to worship him."

"Here is the wonderful Child," said Mary.

And the Wise Men knelt before him. Then they went back to their camels and brought in rich gifts—gold and sweet-smelling spices, such as were given to kings. These gifts they gave to the Christ-child. Then they mounted their camels and rode away.

Mary kept thinking of all these things. She thought of the angel who had told her that this Baby would come to her. She thought of what the shepherds had told her, that an angel had brought the good news to them and that the sky was filled with angels who sang of the joy that had come to the world.

Then she thought of the Wise Men who had travelled such a long, long way to see the Baby. And she thanked our heavenly Father for giv-

ing her this wonderful Child who was to bring joy and love to the whole world.

“Once within a lowly stable,
Where the sheep and oxen lay,
A loving mother laid her baby,
In a manger filled with hay.
Mary was the mother there,
And the Christ that baby fair.

“God sent us this loving baby
From his home in heaven above.
He came down to show all people
How to help and how to love.
This is why the angels bright,
Sang for joy that Christmas night.” *

* “Christmas Night,” in “Song Stories for the Sunday School,” by Patty S. and Mildred J. Hill. By permission of Clayton F. Summy Company, owners of the copyright.

XXXIX

A CHRISTMAS VISIT

GRANDPA and grandma sat before the pleasant fire in the library, talking together. "Christmas is almost here, isn't it?" said grandpa.

"Yes," grandma answered, "and I have a plan for this year. I want to have the children spend Christmas Eve with us. Do you think that their mother would let us have them? She and their father could come to us for Christmas day."

"Well, that would be nice," said grandpa. "I hope that their mother will let them come."

The next day grandma went to the children's home. When they saw her coming the boys ran to open the door and each gave her a regular bear's hug.

"Where is your mother, boys?" she asked.

"She's upstairs," said Ernest, the older of the two. "Will you go up?"

"Yes, I'll find her," said grandma, climbing the stairs. "And I want to see her alone for a few moments."

"I have a favour to ask of you, dear," she

said to mother, who was rocking little two year old Carol.

"What is it?" asked mother.

"Can you spare us the children for the night before Christmas?" asked grandma. "Their grandfather and I want to have them all to ourselves for that one night. We should like to have you and their father come over on Christmas day."

"Why, yes, indeed, they may go to you," said mother. "I know that they would enjoy it, and their father and I will spare them for one night."

When the boys heard of grandma's plan they danced up and down. Little Carol, too, clapped her hands and danced about the room. "Goody, goody, goody!" they all cried. "What fun that will be!"

As grandpa and grandma lived near, the children could go there often. Now when they visited her, grandma helped the boys to make some of their Christmas gifts. Malcolm wove a mat of blue and gold, and she showed him how to line it with gold paper and make it into a pretty tray to stand on mother's dresser.

Then grandma helped Ernest make his mother's gift. She drew a border of Christmas bells on a card and he gilded these neatly. Then she showed him how to cut out an oblong piece in the centre, and behind this he fastened another card on which he had pasted a pretty

picture of angels ringing bells.* He added bows of red ribbon at the top and a ribbon to hang the picture.

Then grandma helped little Carol to paste some parquetry circles on a little card about a tiny picture of the Baby Jesus. This was a gift for father, and for mother she pasted some little gold stars on a card on which grandma put a calendar.

Then the boys made chains of scarlet and gold and of white and gold paper for the tree. Even little Carol pasted a few of these circles. Grandpa helped Malcolm make a little box for his father. He found some boards and after he had sawed them the right size, he let Malcolm hammer in the nails that fastened them together.

"There," said grandpa, when the little box was finished, "I'm sure that your father will like to keep his nails in that box. I heard him say that he wished he had a place for them."

"Won't he be surprised that I made it, grandpa?" said Malcolm.

"Yes, I'm sure that he will. He doesn't know what a nice little carpenter you are."

Ernest made a match scratcher for father. He cut out a little oblong board, smoothed it and rounded the edges. Then he bored a hole in one end by which it could be hung, and glued a piece of sand-paper on one side of it.

* "Christmas Chimes," by Blashfield.

Two days before Christmas the snow came. Oh, how happy the children were! They played with their sleds, made snow balls and had a merry time together.

Christmas Eve the children went to grandpa's home, the boys pulling little Carol on her sled. They carried gifts, wrapped in white paper and tied with bright red ribbon, for grandpa and grandma.

In the windows of grandpa's house hung wreaths of holly, and ropes of green were twined about the columns of the porch. When the boys rang the bell both grandpa and grandma came to the door.

"Merry Christmas, grandpa! Merry Christmas, grandma!" cried the children.

"You blessed children," said grandma, putting her arms about the boys. "A very merry Christmas to you."

Grandpa lifted little Carol in his arms and kissed her. Then he said, "Merry Christmas, boys."

After supper the children went up into grandma's room which was all trimmed with wreaths and ropes of green. After they were undressed the boys hung their own and little Carol's stockings by the chimney where Santa Claus could find them.

Then they knelt down by grandma and said their prayers. The boys thanked our heavenly

XXXIX

A CHRISTMAS VISIT

GRANDPA and grandma sat before the pleasant fire in the library, talking together. "Christmas is almost here, isn't it?" said grandpa.

"Yes," grandma answered, "and I have a plan for this year. I want to have the children spend Christmas Eve with us. Do you think that their mother would let us have them? She and their father could come to us for Christmas day."

"Well, that would be nice," said grandpa. "I hope that their mother will let them come."

The next day grandma went to the children's home. When they saw her coming the boys ran to open the door and each gave her a regular bear's hug.

"Where is your mother, boys?" she asked.

"She's upstairs," said Ernest, the older of the two. "Will you go up?"

"Yes, I'll find her," said grandma, climbing the stairs. "And I want to see her alone for a few moments."

"I have a favour to ask of you, dear," she

said to mother, who was rocking little two year old Carol.

"What is it?" asked mother.

"Can you spare us the children for the night before Christmas?" asked grandma. "Their grandfather and I want to have them all to ourselves for that one night. We should like to have you and their father come over on Christmas day."

"Why, yes, indeed, they may go to you," said mother. "I know that they would enjoy it, and their father and I will spare them for one night."

When the boys heard of grandma's plan they danced up and down. Little Carol, too, clapped her hands and danced about the room. "Goody, goody, goody!" they all cried. "What fun that will be!"

As grandpa and grandma lived near, the children could go there often. Now when they visited her, grandma helped the boys to make some of their Christmas gifts. Malcolm wove a mat of blue and gold, and she showed him how to line it with gold paper and make it into a pretty tray to stand on mother's dresser.

Then grandma helped Ernest make his mother's gift. She drew a border of Christmas bells on a card and he gilded these neatly. Then she showed him how to cut out an oblong piece in the centre, and behind this he fastened another card on which he had pasted a pretty

picture of angels ringing bells.* He added bows of red ribbon at the top and a ribbon to hang the picture.

Then grandma helped little Carol to paste some parquetry circles on a little card about a tiny picture of the Baby Jesus. This was a gift for father, and for mother she pasted some little gold stars on a card on which grandma put a calendar.

Then the boys made chains of scarlet and gold and of white and gold paper for the tree. Even little Carol pasted a few of these circles. Grandpa helped Malcolm make a little box for his father. He found some boards and after he had sawed them the right size, he let Malcolm hammer in the nails that fastened them together.

"There," said grandpa, when the little box was finished, "I'm sure that your father will like to keep his nails in that box. I heard him say that he wished he had a place for them."

"Won't he be surprised that I made it, grandpa?" said Malcolm.

"Yes, I'm sure that he will. He doesn't know what a nice little carpenter you are."

Ernest made a match scratcher for father. He cut out a little oblong board, smoothed it and rounded the edges. Then he bored a hole in one end by which it could be hung, and glued a piece of sand-paper on one side of it.

* "Christmas Chimes," by Blashfield.

Two days before Christmas the snow came. Oh, how happy the children were! They played with their sleds, made snow balls and had a merry time together.

Christmas Eve the children went to grandpa's home, the boys pulling little Carol on her sled. They carried gifts, wrapped in white paper and tied with bright red ribbon, for grandpa and grandma.

In the windows of grandpa's house hung wreaths of holly, and ropes of green were twined about the columns of the porch. When the boys rang the bell both grandpa and grandma came to the door.

"Merry Christmas, grandpa! Merry Christmas, grandma!" cried the children.

"You blessed children," said grandma, putting her arms about the boys. "A very merry Christmas to you."

Grandpa lifted little Carol in his arms and kissed her. Then he said, "Merry Christmas, boys."

After supper the children went up into grandma's room which was all trimmed with wreaths and ropes of green. After they were undressed the boys hung their own and little Carol's stockings by the chimney where Santa Claus could find them.

Then they knelt down by grandma and said their prayers. The boys thanked our heavenly

Father for Christmas, and little Carol lisped, "Bess Tismas."

Early the next morning the boys ran to the chimney and there were the stockings full of gifts. Each boy had a big orange, white grapes, nuts, a candy cane, pencils, tops, marbles and a whistle. Little Carol had a woolly dog, a candy cane and a picture book which would not tear.

The boys blew so hard on their whistles that grandma and grandpa wakened and called out, "Merry Christmas, children."

"Merry Christmas!" said the boys, running to them. "See what Santa Claus brought us."

After breakfast grandpa said, "Would you boys like to trim the tree to surprise your father and mother?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" they cried, "that will be such fun."

So grandpa let them hang the chains which they had made on the branches. Then the boys hung balls of red, gold, blue and pink, and many other ornaments. Grandma put some of the gifts on the tree and piled others underneath it on the table.

Grandpa put on the candles and when all was finished Ernest said: "It's the prettiest tree I've ever seen. Won't father and mother be pleased!"

Father and mother came to dinner, and oh, such a good dinner as it was! There were tur-



CHRISTMAS JOYS

Father for Christmas, and little Carol lisped, "Bess Tismas."

Early the next morning the boys ran to the chimney and there were the stockings full of gifts. Each boy had a big orange, white grapes, nuts, a candy cane, pencils, tops, marbles and a whistle. Little Carol had a woolly dog, a candy cane and a picture book which would not tear.

The boys blew so hard on their whistles that grandma and grandpa wakened and called out, "Merry Christmas, children."

"Merry Christmas!" said the boys, running to them. "See what Santa Claus brought us."

After breakfast grandpa said, "Would you boys like to trim the tree to surprise your father and mother?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" they cried, "that will be such fun."

So grandpa let them hang the chains which they had made on the branches. Then the boys hung balls of red, gold, blue and pink, and many other ornaments. Grandma put some of the gifts on the tree and piled others underneath it on the table.

Grandpa put on the candles and when all was finished Ernest said: "It's the prettiest tree I've ever seen. Won't father and mother be pleased!"

Father and mother came to dinner, and oh, such a good dinner as it was! There were tur-



CHRISTMAS JOYS



key and cranberry sauce, vegetables, salad, pudding and ice cream. After dinner they had the tree, and father and mother were so pleased when they heard that the children had helped to trim it.

"It's a beautiful surprise," they said.

They were delighted with their gifts, too. "Did you make this tray for me, Malcolm?" asked mother.

"Yes, I wove it and pasted it," he answered.

"It is beautifully done and I thank you so much," said mother. "What a pretty picture this is, Ernest, and how lovely the golden bells are! I am so pleased with it."

"This box is just what I wanted, son," said father to Malcolm. Then he said, "I shall often use this match scratcher, Ernest. Thank you for it."

The children were delighted with their gifts. Little Carol had a Teddy bear and rocking horses on which she liked to ride, and the boys had books, a tool chest and many other things.

When grandpa and grandma had looked at the gifts the children and father and mother gave them, and the children had played for a time with their toys Malcolm said, "Now, father, tell us a story, please."

"Well, I will," said father.

They all sat about the fire, and mother held little Carol on her lap, while father told them of the little Baby who came to his mother on

the first Christmas day, and who brought love and joy to the world.

“And to-day we love each other,” said father, “and give each other gifts because the Christ-child taught us how to be loving.”

“I’m glad the Baby came, father,” said Malcolm.

“And I’m glad we could have Christmas here,” said Ernest. “It has been such fun to be with grandpa and grandma.”

XL

CHRISTMAS ALL THE YEAR

O MOTHER, I wish that Christmas wasn't over," said Elizabeth.

"So do I," said Richard.

"Well, my dear little people, perhaps we can have Christmas every day," replied their mother.

"O mother, can we?" cried the children.

"What makes Christmas such a happy day?" asked their mother.

"We had our presents," answered Richard, "and our tree, and father was at home, and grandfather and grandmother came over for dinner."

"Yes, and we gave a Christmas tree to the poor children," said Elizabeth, "and we gave presents to you and father and all the others. Oh, how could we do all that except on Christmas?"

"Well, let us see," said mother. "Richard said that you had presents. I wonder if there are any presents for you except on Christmas day."

"We have presents on our birthdays, too," said Richard.

"Yes, but I mean to-day and every day," replied his mother. "Sometimes we forget even to think of the presents we have every day. Shut your eyes, children, for a moment. Would you like to have them shut always? Now what beautiful gift has our heavenly Father given us?"

"Our eyes, mother. I believe that's the best thing we have," said Elizabeth.

"Look out of doors, children, and see what other gifts you have," said their mother.

"Snow, mother, which is so fine for coasting," said Richard.

"Yes, and the hills," said Elizabeth, "or we couldn't coast."

"And look around indoors," said mother. "Are there any gifts here?"

"Why, yes, mother, our books and toys, and—why, *you*, mother, you're the best of all," cried Richard, as he gave her a hug.

"Yes, dear, we have each other," replied his mother. "Then we must not forget our ears, with which we hear, our hands and feet, and all the other parts of our wonderful bodies which our heavenly Father has given us.

"Now let us think of other things which made Christmas happy. Richard said that father was at home. We should like him with us all the time. But he is at home every morn-

ing and night and all day Sundays, so we have that nice part of Christmas quite often.

"And grandfather and grandmother will come over for dinner soon again, so we won't have to wait until next Christmas for that pleasure.

"Then let us think of what Elizabeth said made us happy. We did enjoy giving the tree to the poor children. How happy they were! We cannot give another tree until next Christmas, but can we not do something to make others happy? You know, Richard, there is that lame boy in the little house down the road. Can you do anything for him?"

Richard thought for a moment and then he said: "Mother, I believe he'd like a ride on my sled. I'll go and get him this very afternoon."

"Elizabeth, you know that sick woman on Maine Street," said mother. "Can you not do something for her?"

"May I take her a glass of jelly, mother?" replied Elizabeth. "You know I helped you make it and you said that part of it might be mine."

"Yes, dear, I shall be glad to have you take it to her," said her mother. "Christmas means giving, you know, children, and I think that if we keep our eyes and ears open, and our hands and feet ready to help, we can give a present to some one every day.

"Sometimes a loving look or a pleasant smile,

or a bright 'good-morning' is the nicest kind of a gift.

"But, after all, neither you nor Richard told mother the very best part of Christmas. Cannot you think what it is?"

"O mother, the Christ-child," said Elizabeth.

"Yes, we keep this beautiful day to remember him. But though only one day is his birthday, we can think of him and love him and try to be as loving as he was, every day. So you see we can really have Christmas all the year."

"Mother, every night let's tell how we kept Christmas that day," said Richard.

"Yes," said Elizabeth, "we can remember what gifts we had and what we gave away."

"We'll ask father to do it, too," said Richard, "and all of us can really have Christmas every day in the year. Won't that be fun!"



FEB 6

926

Fred. Schmidt

FEB 18 1926

H. W. Abbott (P.C.)

933

August P. Seaver

m

576 18 Kenwood

FEB 21 1926

DEC 24 1925

DEC 25 1925

Hermort

Reynolds Club

DEC 13 1925

F. J. Palm

DEC 28 1925

7339 Bennet Ave

2- 10042

2- 10042

~~645~~ 65 4167